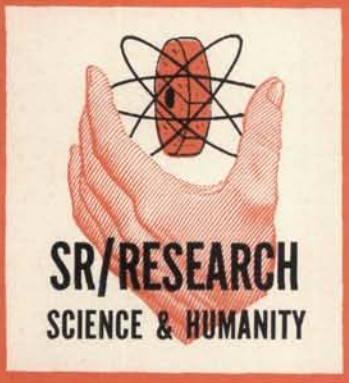
Saturday Review

MARCH 24, 1956 / 20¢

Where Is Science Taking Us?



TEN LEADING SCIENTISTS CHART NEW RESEARCH FRONTIERS FOR A BETTER TOMORROW

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See SR's new Science and Research section starting on page 49.

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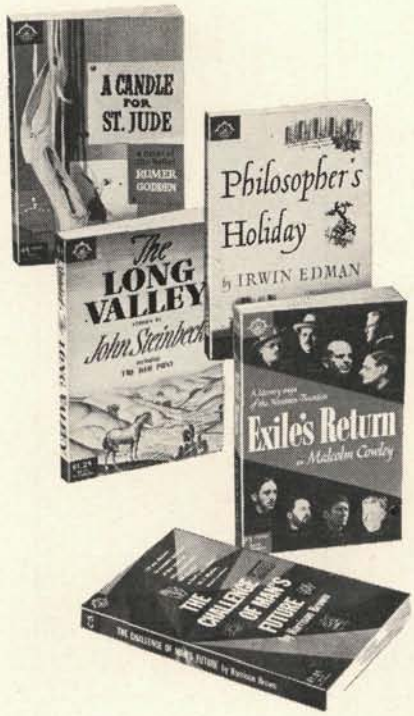

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"PEOPLE are the Greatest Invention Yet"

Visitor to Telephone Company exhibit says: "The man of the house came out with a new reverence for engineering. I came out with a new reverence for people."

INTERESTED VISITORS—Pat Haan, a telephone accounting clerk, explains billing machine to Mrs. Beebe and her husband. "I was so impressed with everything I saw," says Mrs. Beebe, "that I went right home and wrote a piece for our local newspaper." It's so human and friendly that we are reprinting it here.

"We went to the Telephone Company's Open House," writes Evadne Scott Beebe in the Zion-Benton News, "and saw the electronic brain playing tick-tack-toe.

"My husband was enthralled with the performance but I was watching the deft, well-groomed hands of the woman displaying the machine. She wore a wedding ring and I wondered about her home and family.

"After we listened to her little speech we went to a man in a brown business suit who told us how telephone bills are made out. Then a clear-eyed young woman operated the machine for us. To be sure, it was an amazing gimmick, but not nearly so attractive as the girl who handled it so well.

"Outside we stopped by a truck with an 'earth auger' and other modern attachments. Explaining their uses was a big, jovial lineman.

"While we listened to an account of how fast the auger could dig a hole, I was looking at the man and thinking that here was the typical lineman, strong, alert, capable and kindly, a person who, in times of disaster, becomes a kind of unsung hero.

"My husband said, 'This is what I want to see,' as we went into the equipment building. Here we saw switches and relays, ringing machines, countless colored wires in patterns like quilt blocks, and listened to technical explanations.

"That is, my husband listened. I watched the men as they talked so intelligently and wondered where they live, who cooks their meals and irons their shirts, what their problems are, and if they were ever in love."

EVADNE SCOTT BEEBE,
Zion-Benton (Ill.) News

There is, indeed, a lot of wonderful equipment in telephone service. But it takes more than 740,000 Bell System men and women to bring it into being and make it work. And because more people are making more use of their telephones, the number of employees is growing all the time.

"People," as Mrs. Beebe points out, "are the greatest invention yet" in the telephone business.

MANY OTHER EXHIBITS. In addition to Open Houses at telephone companies, there are many other occasions and places where the story of the telephone is brought to you. These include fairs, lectures, moving pictures and traveling exhibits. Everyone is welcome. Bring the children, too.

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A reference book has many uses: with one you may settle an argument, write a letter or a term paper or a book, or even (if your conscience will let you) complete a Double-Crostic.

But a reference book is seldom anything you want to sit down and read consecutively, and (except, perhaps, when it helps you win a bet) a reference book is seldom exciting reading.

Yet I have just been reading one for which "exciting" is the best word. It is "Years of Trial and Hope," second volume of the Memoirs by Harry S. Truman.

Of course, it wasn't written as a reference book. It is history of the most personal kind – of the years from 1945 to the end of Mr. Truman's second term.

Writing from a unique point of view (that of the man in the White House), Mr. Truman discusses, among other things, the China situation, the Berlin Airlift, the Marshall Plan, Point Four, atomic energy, the Korean War and the 1948 and 1952 campaigns. He gives his impressions and opinions of such men as Bernard Baruch, Generals Eisenhower, MacArthur and Marshall, Clement Attlee, Adlai Stevenson and Averell Harriman.

Publication of a history like this by a former President of the United States is in a way history-making itself. It is a book that belongs in the home of every thoughtful American.

And it is a book you will want to refer to – whether angrily to confound your opponents or triumphantly to delight your friends – many times.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Memoirs by Harry S. Truman," two volumes, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue. Volume I is entitled "Year of Decisions," and Volume II, just published, is "Years of Trial and Hope." Each volume costs $5.00 and copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. Volumes I and II are the March selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The Saturday Review

MARCH 24, 1956

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In Monaco, the statement that Grace Kelly would be the first American woman pictured on a foreign stamp brought hoots of protest from experts interested in the sincerest forms of philately. Jane Addams and Carrie Chapman Catt, they point out, both adorned stamps issued in Turkey, and Amelia Earhart was similarly honored by Mexico.

To author David Dodge should go some of the credit for the Rainier-Kelly romance. His was the thriller, "To Catch a Thief," that Alfred Hitchcock bought to film on the French Riviera, and it's while she was acting in it there that Miss Kelly first attracted the attention of the alert Prince. Dodge is setting his new suspense novel, "Angel's Ransom," in the same locale, and when the time comes to put *that* one in celluloid title-conscious starlets will probably be begging for the privilege of appearing in it for nothing.

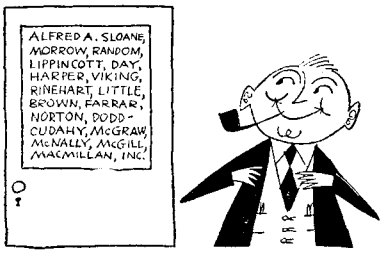
Once in residence at Monte Carlo Her Grace Kelly will have an eighty-two-year-old neighbor in the person of poet Robert Service, who almost fifty long years ago wrote "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" (and you know what Yukon do with it).

• • In Jamaica, Noel Coward, with time on his hands and few in his arms, is writing only two TV spectaculars, three plays, the score of a new musical—and a novel.

• • Noting the staying powers of such books as "The Power of Positive Thinking," "The Robe," and "A Man Called Peter," Harvey Breit proposes a title that should make "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog" look like a plug in a bargain basement: "The Power of the Peaceful Robe Worn by the Positive Peter."

• • In Boston, Doubleday's Massachusetts representative, with an eye to local acceptance, tried valiantly to have the title of Lew Lansworth's new novel changed from "Over the River Charlie" to "Over the River Charles."

• • At 23 West 47th Street, New York, the new publishing house of Hill and Wang has hung out its shingle. First book: "The Elegant Auctioneers," by Wesley Towner. "Maybe we can turn up a partner named McGraw," daydreams Arthur Wang, "so that, in a pinch, we can rename our outfit 'McGraw, Hill, and Wang.' It sounds more substantial!"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O ?

• • In Detroit, Harvey Campbell is telling a story that may, for all I know, point a moral of sorts. It's about four men who died on the same day. The first was an author. He left his family a paltry hundred dollars. The second was a bookseller. He left a thousand. The third, a publisher, had managed to stash away ten thousand. The headlines were reserved for the fourth: a dealer in perforated tissue paper. He left five million.

• • In "Charlie Would Have Loved This," J. P. McEvoy confesses, "I'm dreaming of a Green Christmas. That's right. *Green!* Who started all this breast-beating for a White Christmas? Irving Berlin. What was he doing at the time? Having a green Christmas out in Hollywood—writing movies for that green folding stuff. For many years I have met Berlin in the winter—in California, Florida, Honolulu—usually under a palm tree, *never* a snowbank."

• • In Amherst, college authorities announced proudly that Henry Steele Commager had accepted appointment as professor of history and American studies, while retaining a post at Columbia as adjunct professor. If every publisher for whom Henry has turned out a book wires him congratulations Western Union can declare an extra dividend.

• • In Siam, relays Joe Manckiewicz, the Unification Party has adopted the slogan, "One Thai—All Thai." And from India, another miscreant wrote Clem Alexandre, "Having wonderful time. Vishnu were here."

• • To celebrate its tenth anniversary, Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy have assembled a formidable array of blockbusters. Already published: Alec Waugh's "Island in the Sun," Francis Steegmuller's "The Grand Mademoiselle," Thomas Merton's "The Living Bread." Coming up: Nelson Algren's "A Walk on the Wild Side," Ruth McKenney's "The Mirage"—and, in the late fall, a new book by T. S. Eliot.

• • In Rockefeller Plaza, John Vandercook, explorer and radio commentator, turned out a who-done-it as a diversion. "Is it really mystifying?" asked his friend Tom Stix. "I guess so," said Vandercook. "I just finished reading proof on it and even I couldn't figure out the murderer till I got to Chapter Eight."

• • In Dartmouth, England, a contented bookseller has become a "must" for American tourists. He is Christopher Robin Milne, now turned thirty-five. Three decades ago his late father recorded his doings faithfully in such all-time favorites as "When We Were Very Young" and "Winnie-the-Pooh."

• • At a dinner in honor of David Sarnoff, of RCA, Howard Cullman told this anecdote: Years ago, when he was running the Roxy Theatre,

A novel of pagan Britain after the Roman glory
The Great Captains
By HENRY TREECE
author of The Dark Island
$3.75. Random House

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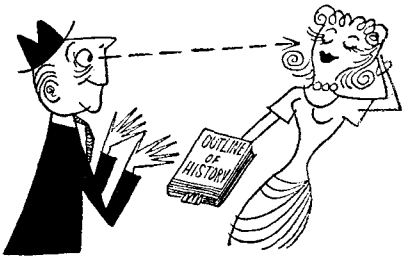
Cullman visited Sarnoff's office to see what movies he could book there. Sarnoff, an expert telegrapher in his youth, tapped out this dot-dot-dash message to his secretary: "G-E-T M-E L-I-S-T O-F M-O-V-I-E-S A-V-A-I-L-A-B-L-E R-O-X-Y T-H-E-A-T-R-E." "I've got her trained beautifully," chuckled Sarnoff. The secretary arrived in jig-time—carrying a glass of water and an aspirin.

• • In Chicago, Vincent Starrett predicted a lively year for "The Wizard of Oz." For one thing, May 15 is the 100th anniversary of author L. Frank Baum's birth, and for another, in a very few months this famous old book will pass into the public domain. This means that any publisher who so desires can bring out his own edition without authorization or the formality of paying royalties. Step aside to avoid the rush!

Baum, born in Chittenago, N. Y., was editing a monthly magazine for window dressers when, in 1900, he brought the manuscript of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" (as it first was called) to publisher George M. Hill. Since that day, notes Starrett, the book never has been out of print.

• • In Boston, Dorothy Lamb composed this suggestion for Dr. Smiley Blanton: "Although your book I've read and cherish,/A change I'd make, and that most vital,/Concerning one world in the title—/I'd simply call it 'Love *AND* Perish.'"

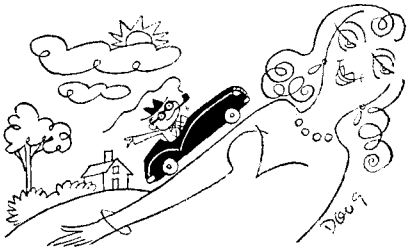
• • In Nashville, salesman Ralph Woodward bought a copy of H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" from perky Betty Southgate in Zibart's Bookstore. Watching her wrap up the book, Woodward suddenly lost the



urge to read, asked Miss Southgate to dinner instead. She is now Mrs. Woodward, Zibart's is out one very fine clerk—and Woodward still hasn't opened "The Outline of History."

• • In Brooklyn, the Public Library is attempting—with gratifying success—to stimulate interest in the almost lost art of reading aloud in a family group. A recent gathering was spearheaded by Mark McCloskey, colorful chairman of the New York State Youth Commission, and Ezra Stone, of "Henry Aldrich" radio fame, who read aloud with his family as they would in the living room of their own home. Applauded Chris Morley: "Some of my happiest memories of childhood relate to just such family reading." Added Cornelia Otis Skinner: "One of the most valuable heritages in my life was the fact that as a child my father read aloud a great deal to my mother and me."

• • In Miami, Roy Jackson demanded that new thoroughfares be named after famous personalities like Julian Street, Alley Khan, Rosemary Lane,



and the Bard of Avonue. "What fun," he reflects, "it would be to live off of Betty Grable or drive out and cry on the shoulder of Marilyn Monroe!"

• • In Illinois, Elizabeth Ives resigned herself to the title "My Brother Adlai," despite the seductive suggestion of collaborator Hildy Dolson that she change it to "The Egghead and I."

• • In San Francisco, H. H. Behrens stumbled upon an undergraduate who thought sciatica was a sorrowful Greek.

• • At the Hotel Pierre, Irene Mayer Selznick was asked by a *Variety* "mugg" how her production of "The Chalk Garden" was faring at the box office. "I'm too tired to know or even care," she sighed. "I hear it grossed $2,578 at last night's performance," said the mugg. "$2,579," corrected Mrs. S.

• • In Detroit, the *Free Press* hails the first "car-of-the-month club"—or, at least, a reasonable facsimile of same. It's the brain child of a dealer from Rochester. You give him a down payment, plus weekly carrying charges, and you get a brand-new model every year—with service and repairs guaranteed. "Remember," he warns sternly, "this offer is limited to 300 customers a year."

• • In the *London Observer*, critic John Wain threw Gwyn Thomas, author of "Point of View" (Gollancz) into something of a dither by describing him as "a Welsh S. J. Perelman." Take off those false whiskers, Syyycwd! —BENNETT CERF.

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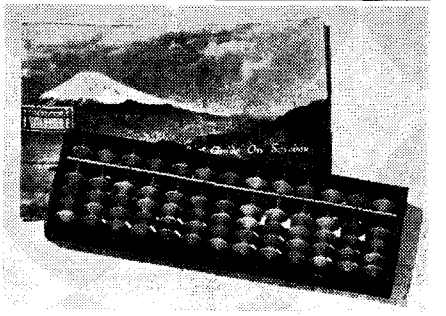

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A new "better-living" program for employees: To assure that the people of General Electric will continue to share in the Company's progress, an improved pay-and-benefit program was worked out in 1955, and related five-year contracts were signed with most of the unions representing General Electric employees.

A new Company organization for better service: To meet the needs of customers more effectively, General Electric's organization has been changed from a highly centralized structure to as broad a degree of decentralization as can be found in industry. The Company now has nearly 100 decentralized product departments, each with full operating responsibility in its field.

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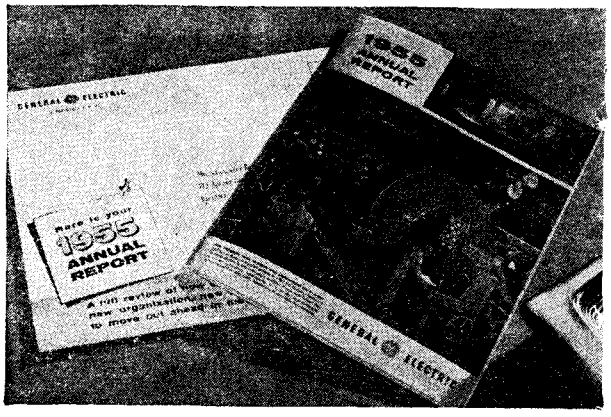
New products from research and engineering: Over 70,000 G-E employees today are working on products we didn't make in 1939. The Company spends more than three times as much on research and development, per dollar of sales, as the average for all manufacturing companies.

With these advances, we are trying to see to it that General Electric's progress is shared by customers, share owners, employees, suppliers, and the public.



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Greater reliance on competition in rates among the different types of carriers, subject always to essential safeguards of ICC regulation, would make for more efficient use of our transportation plant, and more economical service for all of us. This key recommendation in the report of a special Cabinet-level Advisory Committee named by the President is here discussed by Mr. Faricy.

THE RIGHT TO COMPETE

Cornerstone of Modern Transportation Regulation

by WILLIAM T. FARICY

President, Association of American Railroads

Three outstanding facts about transportation in the United States today are:

1. that "within the short span of one generation this country has witnessed a transportation revolution";

2. that "during this same period, government has failed to keep pace with this change"; and

3. that "in many respects, government policy at present prevents, or severely limits, the realization of the most economical use of our transportation plant."

These statements are not mine. They are from a report made by a special committee of Cabinet officers and other high ranking government officials established by President Eisenhower in July, 1954. The report, made public by the White House in April, 1955, was unanimous, being concurred in by all seven of the Cabinet-level officers who composed the Committee.[1]

The key recommendation of the Cabinet Committee is that in today's competitive transportation world, where the user has his choice of many means of carriage, greater reliance should be placed on competition in pricing as among the various modes of transport. This is what the Committee regards as the "cornerstone" of a modern system of regulation designed to bring about a more effective use of our transportation resources.

Regulation, Yes, But Not Allocation

As matters now stand, one of the principal tests applied by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its control over rate competition among the different types of carriers is the concept that the government's power to regulate rates should be used to see that each form of transportation gets what the Commission deems to be its "fair share" of the available traffic.

Thus, when the railroads proposed to reduce rates upon tank-car movements of petroleum products in California and Oregon as a means of regaining some of the traffic which had been lost to barges and trucks, the Interstate Commerce Commission found that the proposed rates, while yielding revenues which would "contribute substantially to the overhead burden and profits," should nevertheless be rejected because they were lower than the cost to the shipper of using the competing barge-truck routes and thus "lower than is necessary fairly to meet the competition." Moreover, from the Oregon points, the ICC ordered the rates cancelled because they would "affect adversely the maintenance of competitive motor-carrier transportation."[2]

For like reasons, the Commission has refused to allow railroads to make competitive reductions which they have proposed in rates on sugar from ocean ports to Cincinnati and Louisville, on tinplate from Albama to New Orleans, on petroleum products from Whiting, Indiana, to Illinois points, on coffee from Los Angeles and San Francisco Bay points to Northern Utah and Idaho, on magazines from Philadelphia and Darby, Pennsylvania, to Texas, on sulphur from Texas to Wisconsin, on scrap rail from Gulf ports to Chicago and on aluminum articles from Texas to Illinois and Iowa —to name a few other instances.

Such a policy of attempting to allocate business among the different types of carriers requires, in effect, that one form of transportation hold an "umbrella" over the rates and traffic of its competitors by another form of carriage. But if one form of transportation, because of its inherent nature, is able to move a given commodity between given points at a lower rate than competing forms, to do so at a profit, and to do so without discriminating against other shippers, then why should not the low-cost carrier have the business and why should not the public have the saving?

That, in essence, is what the Cabinet Committee's report proposes—namely, that the law should make it clear that through its power of rate regulation neither the Interstate Commerce Commission, nor any other governmental body, should undertake to allocate and divide business among the different types of carriers. The position of the Cabinet Committee is that "the market" — competitive pricing

[1] Revision of Federal Transportation Policy: A Report to the President, April, 1955. U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, pp. iv. 20. Members of the Committee are Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce, Chairman; Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense; and Arthur S. Flemming, Director Office of Defense Mobilization, and, as Ad Hoc Participating Members, George M. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury; Arthur E. Summerfield, Postmaster General; Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture; and Rowland E. Hughes, Director, Bureau of the Budget. The report and recommendations of the Committee are unanimous.

[2] 284 ICC, pp. 287, 296, 304, 306.

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along with competitive service — can do this job better than it can be done by any sort of government allocation.

Essential Rate-Making Standards Maintained

In taking this position, the Presidential Committee did not recommend, and no one contemplates, doing away with the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate rates. Rates would still have to be published in tariffs filed by the carriers with the Interstate Commerce Commission, as they now are, and still would have to be adhered to as published. Rates still would not go into effect ordinarily until 30 days after filing, and there still would be opportunity for shippers or other carriers to protest or for the Commission to act on its own motion.

The Commission would still have responsibility and power to see that rates are neither unreasonably high nor unreasonably low—a principal test being that they shall be compensatory to the carrier proposing them—and that they do not unjustly prefer or discriminate against any person, any community, or any region. But within these limitations, the recommendations of the Presidential Committee contemplate that competitive pricing, as well as competition in service, should prevail.

Such a result could be accomplished by a simple change in the statutory standards to be applied in determining whether a proposed rate is lower than a reasonable minimum, without affecting the other standards presently applied by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The essential standards would continue as they now are *except* that in determining whether a proposed rate would be less than a reasonable minimum the Commission shall not consider its effect upon the traffic of any other mode of transportation, nor its relation to the charges of any other mode, nor whether it is lower than necessary to meet the competition of any other mode of transportation. Such a proviso would make it perfectly clear that the Interstate Commerce Commission is not expected to undertake an artificial and arbitrary apportionment or distribution of traffic among the several forms of transport.

With traffic distributed in accordance with the natural capabilities and advantages of each kind of carrier, a better balanced development of our national transportation plant would follow. In such a development, each mode of surface transport—rail, highway and water—would take its proper place and part, performing those services which it can do better and more economically than the other modes, with both rates and service always taken into consideration. And the public, the users of transportation, would get the benefit.

This sound idea, so thoroughly in accord with the customs, the traditions and the thinking of the American people, has been met with bitter objection from spokesmen for some of the trucks — principally the heavy highway freight haulers—and some of the inland waterway barge carriers.

They have objected to the composition and the procedures of the Cabinet Committee and the working group, or staff, by whom it was assisted. Attempts have been made to create an impression that the working group gave consideration to the views of the railroad industry alone, but the fact is that other groups also submitted their views and that representatives of the trucking industry submitted written recommendations and also discussed them with the chairman of the group. The insinuation that the seven high government officials who concurred in its unanimous recommendations, and also the group of highly qualified and disinterested private citizens who did the preliminary staff work, listened only to railroad representations is simply not true.

The "Monopoly" Bugaboo

According to assertions of trucking spokesmen, this recommendation for greater freedom of competition between different modes of transportation would turn transportation back to a state of "cut-throat competition" said to have existed before 1887, when the original Act to Regulate Commerce was passed.

There isn't a chance of a return to the conditions of 1887, either in the physical facts of transportation or the legal terms under which the business is conducted.

In 1887, the only effective competition was that among railroads. Since then, billions of dollars have been spent on building and improving waterways, and the waterways are here and will remain. Many more billions have been spent on improved highways, and the highways are here and will remain. These waterways and highways are used by tens of thousands of common and contract carriers by water and by motor vehicle. They are also open to the use of anyone who wishes to move his own goods in his own vehicle and vast tonnages are so moved. Indeed, nearly two-thirds of all intercity freight traffic on the highways and more than nine-tenths of inland waterway traffic is either of this character or is otherwise exempt from interstate regulation as to rates. The mere physical facts as to the extent of transportation facilities in this country, and the variety of their ownership and use, make any chance of general monopoly in transportation too remote to deserve consideration.

From the standpoint of the laws, there has been an equally striking change. Prior to 1887 rates could be made in secret. Now rates are required to be published, with due public notice, and must be adhered to as published. Prior to 1887, there was no statutory prohibition against discriminations or preferences in rates. Now, rates of regulated carriers cannot discriminate against one shipper, or commodity, or community, or region, and cannot prefer another.

There is no recommendation in the Cabinet Committee's report which would depart from these requirements. Adoption of the Committee's report would not authorize the making of secret rates. It would not do away with the requirements of public notice and of adherence to the published rate. It would not permit the making of rates which are either discriminatory or preferential. And the Interstate Commerce Commission would have power to enforce these principles, as well as to prohibit rates which are either unreasonably low or unreasonably high.

No, with competition what it is and the laws what they are—and what they will remain if greater freedom of competition in pricing as among the different modes of transportation is adopted—there is no possibility that a transportation monopoly could be created or sustained.

No Below-Cost Rates

But motor and water carriers assert that to permit greater freedom in the

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making of competitive rates would enable the railroads to destroy highway and waterway competition. It must always be remembered, however, that under the Cabinet Committee's recommendation, as well as under present law, railroads could not make below-cost rates. If it be true, as claimed by spokesmen for trucks and barges, that they could not continue to exist in the face of competitive rates which are compensatory and non-discriminatory, then it would follow that trucks and barges often would have no proper place in the transportation system and would exist only because the railroads are restrained from meeting their competition.

Such an assertion is, of course, absurd. In transporting many kinds of freight, trucks and barges have advantages in service or cost or both. The report contemplates that trucks and barges should have complete opportunity to give full force and effect to their competitive advantages whenever they exist—the same opportunity, in fact, as is proposed for the railroads.

Another assertion of opponents of the recommendation, equally baseless, is that greater freedom in competitive rate-making would burden shippers of so-called non-competitive or "rail-bound" traffic. The assertion has repeatedly been made that if rail rates on competitive traffic are reduced it would be necessary for non-competitive traffic to pay higher rates to offset the revenue losses.

Rates x Volume = Revenue

Such assertions rest on a completely erroneous premise, namely, that lower competitive rail rates would reduce rail revenues. Railroad revenues are the product of two factors, rates and volume. The only motive or purpose the railroads would have in publishing reduced competitive rates would be to attract enough increased volume to more than offset the reduction in rates, and thus to produce greater net revenue.

Such competitive rates, it should be borne in mind, would be required to be compensatory as well as non-discriminatory so that instead of hurting non-competitive traffic, they would benefit it by reducing the share of the necessary fixed overhead expense the non-competitive traffic is called upon to bear. What the shippers of non-competitive traffic have real reason to fear is that competitive traffic will continue to be drained from the railroads, thus increasing the burden of overhead and fixed expense which will have to be borne by the traffic remaining on the rails.

How this works in practice was well stated by the Interstate Commerce Commission as follows:

"It is a well-established and generally recognized rule that if additional business can be taken on at rates which will contribute at least a little in addition to the actual out-of-pocket expense, the carrier will be advantaged to that extent and all its patrons will be benefited, to the extent to which such traffic contributes to the net revenue."

The Competitive Principle

The competitive spirit has been the driving force of progress in America; the competitive principle is the very foundation of our national economy. That greater reliance should be placed on this principle in the determination of rates as among the several kinds of carriers—always subject to the continuing limitations of essential ICC regulation outlined above—is the heart of the Cabinet Committee's recommendations.

While spokesmen for trucking and barge interests object to the principle, it has received the endorsement of such major organizations of users of transportation as the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and the National Industrial Traffic League, which is the major nation-wide organization of men who, as shippers, deal daily with the practical problems of rate making and regulation.

What this experienced body of transportation experts, who use the services of every kind of carrier and are concerned only with maximum transportation efficiency, has to say on the subject is particularly in point. On November 23, 1955, the League approved amendment of Section 15a(2) of the Interstate Commerce Act by adding the following proviso to the considerations to be taken into account by the Interstate Commerce Commission in "the exercise of its power to prescribe just and reasonable rates":

"Provided, however, that in determining a minimum rate the commission shall not consider the effect of such rate on the traffic of any other mode of transportation, the relation of such rate to the rate of any other mode of transportation, or whether such rate is lower than necessary to meet the competition of any other mode of transportation."

Without going into any of the technical details involved, President Eisenhower, in his message on the state of the Union submitted to the Congress on January 5, 1956, had this to say:

"In my message last year, I referred to the appointment of an advisory committee to appraise and report to me on the deficiencies as well as the effectiveness of existing Federal transportation policies. I have commended the fundamental purposes and objectives of the committe's report. I earnestly recommend that the Congress give prompt attention to the committee's proposals."

Fundamental among these proposals is that to allow greater freedom in pricing among the different types of transportation. Under such conditions, with each user of transportation free to choose the type of carriage which best meets his needs for any particular task, the transportation needs of the nation as a whole would be met with maximum efficiency and at minimum cost—and the producer, the shipper, the consuming public and the national defense all would benefit.

We shall be glad to send additional copies of "The Right to Compete: Cornerstone of Modern Transportation Regulation" to those who request them. Address: Association of American Railroads, 946 Transportation Building, Washington 6, D. C.

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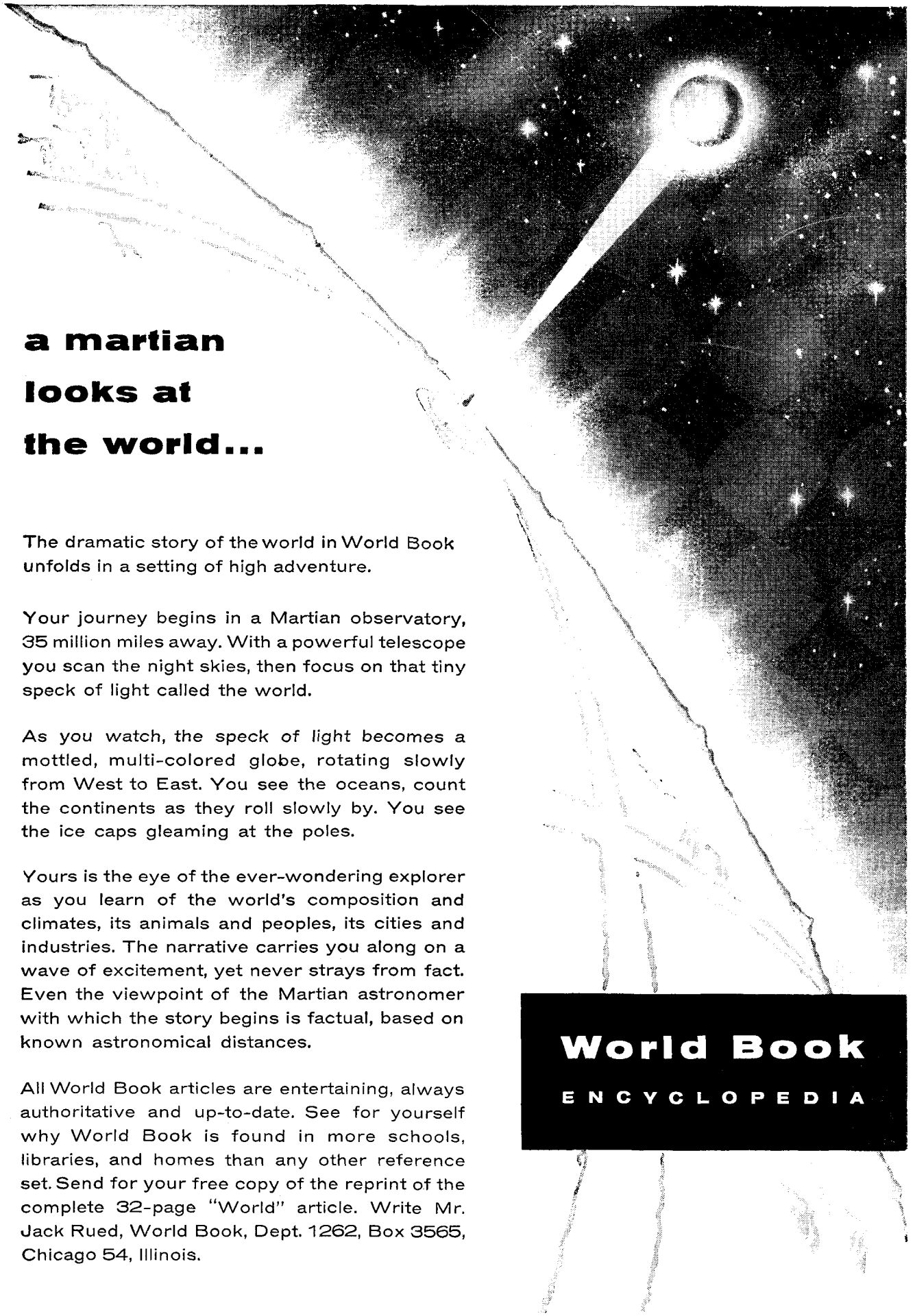

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The Saturday Review
MARCH 24, 1956

THE ECLIPSE OF THE NOVEL

One of the great contemporary critical anxieties is for the English-language novel—that resplendent gallery of portraits, thick or thin, loving or scorching, crisp or copious, which mirrors the manners, fears, hopes, and brawls of Englishmen and Americans from Richardson and Defoe to Truman Capote. But is the form dead? critics are always querying each other. Has the novel's vitality lost itself in the sands of complex modern life? Frank Swinnerton, a voluminous novelist himself as well as critic, will permit no doubts. So long as men live who write the truth, he claims, the novel can survive.

By FRANK SWINNERTON

IN BRITAIN, and apparently in the United States also, it has become the habit of reviewers and defeatist publishers to say that the novel is finished. A prominent writer, summing up the situation in a phrase, said to me: "Nobody will carry a novelist's bag for him in these days"; and indeed the time when every novelist wore a halo seems to have passed. We are become outcasts.

Is it true that the novel is finished? Let me recall days when it was thought to justify its name by being something new. It was never new, of course; but when Defoe began lying with the pen he had previously used for recording facts and rumors, and when Richardson, after writing real love-letters for illiterate girls, extended this particular craft, a public eagerly awaited stories having the charm of gossip about their neighbors. The gossip, as is the British way, concerned itself with sin or the risk of sin; and its moral tone was apt to be unctuous.

Matters did not change for a couple of centuries. Roxana and Moll Flanders misbehaving, Mr. B. popping out of cupboards in his efforts to rape the virtuous Pamela, had only this advantage over the novelettes written in my youth, that the misbehavior was what is now called "documented"; and Mr. B.'s antics, legitimized as soon as Pamela had her wedding-ring, occurred against a background of reality. This reality, or "realism," was vivid. A lifelong student of eighteenth-century letters, Leslie Stephen, rereading it in old age, said of a greater novel by Richardson, "Clarissa," that "the book impressed me at times as simply repulsive, as bad as the worst of Zola."

When Fielding, as he tired of parodying "Pamela," followed his natural bent, he wrote a coarse, healthy book which brings us, still alive, the normal behaviors of two centuries ago. Fielding spun his tale with a large, almost Elizabethan, amusement. He told a story and created characters because he thought a good deal of life both comic and enjoyable. Smollett found a different kind of life equally comic and not at all enjoyable; but he, too, told stories which he animated by savage grotesques. I am surprised that Smollett is not more read today; he could give points to the coarsest of our contemporaries.

Manners changed everywhere as aristocracy slipped and fell in France, slipped and did not quite fall in Britain. Humbug ascended with the new classes of successful manufacturers and traders. Cities became overcrowded. Dickens, who had lived with the poor, and whose father, Mr. Micawber, was actually imprisoned for debt in the Marshalsea, was an urban novelist; but it was from Smollett that he took his more literary inspiration. When Thackeray followed, his more

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genteel taste, experience, and feminine humor revolted from Smollett. He translated Fielding, instead, into Victorian terms.

> There are things we do and know perfectly well in Vanity Fair, though we never speak of them; . . . and a polite public will no more bear to read an authentic description of vice than a truly refined English or American female will permit the word "breeches" to be pronounced in her hearing . . . It has been the wish of the present writer, all through this story, deferentially to submit to the fashion at present prevailing, and only to hint at the existence of wickedness in a light, easy, and agreeable manner.

This statement of Thackeray's practice is responsible for the belief among those who have not read the Victorian novelists that Victorian novelists were squeamish hypocrites. They were nothing of the kind. They portrayed the world they lived in; and since, in that world, young women were considered worth winning and keeping as treasures—while at the same time suffering the unlimited sorrows of motherhood and the placidities of home life—they extolled chastity and continued, as Richardson had done, to reward successful virtue with a wedding-ring. They exposed hypocrites and libertines; they refrained from using the words which little boys have always chalked upon walls.

In representing Victorian life, and preaching its simple, unsophisticated morals, such novelists improvised their stories, so that parts of them were always greater than the whole. That caused Ford Madox Hueffer to proclaim the books not so much novels, as were the masterpieces of Turgenev and Flaubert, but things which he must contemptuously dismiss as "nuvvles." They lacked Art; and "Art," cried Henry James, was "dignity and memory and measure . . . conscience and proportion and taste, not to mention strong sense too." It was something the English outside the demure pages of Jane Austen had never produced.

THERE had been other Victorian novelists besides Dickens and Thackeray; and two of them, considered giants in my young day, degraded by a later generation, but perhaps destined for revival in time to come, had attempted something in the novel which brought it almost to the pitch of Elizabethan comedy and tragedy. Both, in essence, were poets; in both there were elements—in Meredith of meretricious ornament, in Hardy of naivete towards the well born—of less than the finest order; but their original conceptions were grand, and they fell, if they fell, nobly. In their hands the novel reached a glory of dramatic continuity which few have since attempted.

Before Meredith and Hardy died the critical current had changed. We were in the midst of another social revolution, as a result of which the old untyped individuality of men was giving place, through new scientific knowledge and universal education, to a uniformity hostile to poetry in the great style and, inevitably, to poetic tragedy in the novel. Instead of poetic tragedy we received from France the new doctrines of Naturalism and Art.

Henry James's notion of art was form. Not the snob's social good form but, with all conceivable subtlety, a drama confined within the narrow limits of an easel picture. He described a novel in terms of painting, with references to foreground, middle distance, and so on. To him the tumultuous historical and psychological dramas of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, being unamenable to the easel, were nothing, he said in a letter to Hugh Walpole, but "fluid puddings." Only Flaubert and Turgenev, among novel-writers, had dignity and memory and measure; therefore Flaubert and Turgenev were the models whom all should follow.

When he came to write publicly and elaborately of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett James said nothing about fluid puddings; he used a new figure, this time of life as an orange, which he accused both these authors of squeezing so that their books were full of unselected pulp, the raw material of novels rather than novels as they should be written. They lacked proportion; they interested him against his will and his judgment by sheer mass and variety of detail.

Bennett, born in the industrial north of England, had been to France. He had learnt a great deal from Balzac and Zola and their Irish representative, George Moore; but in his best work, the tales of the Five Towns, he wanted to show human beings growing and maturing through life, at home or in business, and in the end reaching the limits of possible growth or dying. He was haunted by the conception of life as a journey past milestones into oblivion. Every man's and woman's life was its own form; and the scrupulous portrayal of that form was for Bennett an art larger than James's easel pictures.

Wells never lived in France; the only novelist he had read with attention was Charles Dickens; and, remembering always that as the son of an unsuccessful shopkeeper and a domestic servant he had been forced to tip his cap to the gentry, he was the friend of the little man who took to his heels to escape the humdrum and found himself in the great world of boom and chicane. He was not interested, as Bennett was, in the patient demonstration of growth; he wanted short cuts to a scientific Utopia, and strove to change men's social and political ideas. He was a socialist; but not a democrat.

Though different from each other, Bennett and Wells united with Bernard Shaw in affecting the next generation of writers—especially the novelists among them. James had no effect on a people largely indifferent to Art; Galsworthy, whose preoccupation was with justice, produced no considerable imitators; but Wells, picturing with fun or seriousness the little man or the ambitious man amid trade or politics, and Bennett, picturing with benign humor the ordinary man fighting his own limitations, impressed their

(*Continued on page* 42)

What Happened to Hera

By John Nixon, Jr.

WOMEN and gods require impossible
Amounts of love. Historians record
No instance of a deity or girl
Who ever was sufficiently adored.

So pity girls and gods. Man's love won't stretch
Both heavenward and womanward. It will
Not amply warm the one that it can touch,
Not wholly leave the other to the chill.

But pity most the goddesses! Ah, long
Ago they donned their richest robes and kinked
Their hair and, sounding an Olympian gong,
Became extinct.

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THE INVENTOR OF THE PERIOD

By K. JASON SITEWELL

SOON there will occur an event of profound importance to the literatures of all languages. I refer to the 2,500th birthday of Kohmar Pehriad (544-493 B.C.), inventor of punctuation in written language. He also figures prominently in the development of copyright law, which I shall discuss in a moment. Pehriad was the leading literary figure of Macedonia in the pre-Christian era. His writings ranged from poetry to speculations on astronomy and physics. Few of these writings remain. What does remain, however, is his successful reform of written language in virtually all tongues.

In those days written language was continuous. There were no sentence or paragraph breaks. Pehriad's own writings represent the first recorded use of the small round dot to indicate the end of a completed unit of expression. More important than that is the fact that he gave thirty years of his life, traveling throughout ancient Greece, Rome, Persia, North Africa, and Asia, in the effort to obtain local acceptance of the small dot that has since done so much for literature.

His first great success outside his country came when he was able to persuade some Greek scholars to issue a complete version of Homer's "Odyssey" and "Iliad," with the small round dots in the proper places. Up to that time Homer had had a limited following in Greece. With the reformed version, however, his work gained widespread acceptance. Pehriad's next success came in Constantinople, where he was directly responsible for the first manuscript of the Hebrew Torah containing periods.

As he traveled from place to place the logic of Pehriad's argument became increasingly accepted. It was not necessary, he reasoned, for each language to devise its own mark to denote a proper cause. The small round dot could be used in all languages. The stark simplicity of this idea, amounting virtually to genius, is doubtless responsible for the fact that every written language in the world today uses the small round dot. Thus, Pehriad's contribution is not only to his own country but to mankind.

Pehriad's reward, of course, is that the small round dot has been named after him, our spelling of his name having been anglicized. Even in a country as remote as Nepal the influence of Pehriad today is to be found in the fact that the sentence dot is called a "puhyed." In China it is called "pi-yen." In Malaya, "pee-yeed." In New Guinea the capital P is used as a gesture of respect to the inventor in its word, "Peeliod."

Pehriad's efforts did not stop with the period. He was also concerned with the need for an appropriate marking that might correspond to the pause in a person's speech in the middle of an incompleted sentence. This led him to devise what we now know as the comma, also named after him (Kohmar). It is interesting to read in his "Journal" that he later felt he had made a mistake in not using the comma marking instead of the period and vice-versa. "The dot with the curved descending tail is the more impressive and visible mark and should therefore have been used for the more important purpose of indicating the end of a sentence," he wrote. "The dot slows up the reader and should therefore have been used to indicate a pause." Pehriad, in his declining years, sought to bring about this shift in comma-period usage, but by this time the custom had hardened.

It remained for Pehriad's son to devise yet other markings for the purpose of strengthening the written language. Apos-Trophe Pehriad felt that the comma was adaptable to a wide variety of purposes, so long as its position could be varied. He used it inside a word to denote the abbreviation; at the end of a word to denote possession; in tandem to denote quotation, with the mark inverted at the end of the quotation. As in the case of his father, his invention bears his name.

There is no evidence that the Pehriads, father or son, invented either the question mark or the exclamation point. The younger Pehriad, however, did attempt to indicate emphasis inside a sentence. If the emotion registered in the pronunciation of a word was scorn or anger he placed a concave curve atop the key word so emphasized. If a person wished to give a sorrowful or sad expression to a word the marking was a convex curve below the word. If a person's speech was staccato or jerky young Pehriad required the writer to put down each word slantwise. One shudders at the difficulties this would have caused printers had the reform been generally adopted.

THE historical verdict on young Pehriad must be that, outside of his juggling of commas so that they became apostrophes or quotation marks, he lacked the simple directness and the judgment that made his father the only literary figure in history whose contribution is visible in almost every piece of writing anywhere in the world, except, of course, in the poetry of e e cummings and other modern innovators.

But the significance of the Pehriads is not confined to the small round dot or the comma. I wrote at the start that they figured indirectly in the development of copyright law. What happened

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was that a descendant of Apos-Trophe and of Pehriad moved to Rome, where he became a highly successful counselor-at-law. Pehriad Apullus had proper pride in the family name but had always felt that his ancestors had been inexcusably amateurish and unbusinesslike, Apullus set out to earn for himself the tangible rewards that he felt the old folks had overlooked. Under old Roman law direct descendants could obtain legal rights to inventions if their forbears had neglected to take out patents.

Apullus had considerable influence in the Roman courts. He contended that the period was an invention and therefore subject to royalties. To demonstrate his highmindedness he informed the court that, though he would insist on full rights to the period, he would make a gift of the comma to the state. Impressed by the fairness of the man, the Court granted him a copyright on the period, and prescribed a fee of one drachma for any piece of writing containing more than 100 periods. Manuscripts containing upwards of 500 periods were to bring a flat royalty of ten drachmas. This marked the beginning of the short essay in ancient Rome.

Apullus discreetly waited several years before moving for an extension of his copyright to include any piece of writing, whatever the length and whatever the nature. Even private letters were to be subject to royalty for the use of periods. By this time he had insinuated himself into the circle of those closest to Octavius Rome was sorely pressed for funds and it was Apullus's ingenious proposal to Octavius that, in addition to extending his royalty to include any use of periods, the Government itself should collect a modest tax.

Serious consideration was given to this idea but it was eventually discarded because of the tremendous increase it would require in the number of tax investigators. There was also some apprehension in Government quarters that many citizens would circumvent the law by using substitute markings instead of periods.

IN ANY event, during the period of the debate general fear spread through the populace. Suetonius, in his "Lives of the Twelve Caesars," writes that the general citizenry came close to giving up writing altogether for fear that some retroactive law would be passed compelling them to pay both royalty and tax on every period they had ever used in their lifetimes. As might be expected, this led to incredibly involved, non-stop sentences, clear traces of which are still discernible in modern times.

In an attempt to ridicule the proposed law some people exclaimed "period" in the proper places during their conversation. This habit has persisted to the present day.

Eventually the situation in ancient Rome was straightened out. In the course of so doing, Roman law devised what Anglo-Saxon law commonly accepts as the basis for copyright. Recognizing that some time limit ought to be set to the benefits Apullus would derive from his copyright, the Roman courts decreed that beyond Apullus's generation no royalties would be paid. A complicating factor, of course, in terms of precedent, involved the original inventor of the period, who had received no rewards for his work. This is what led the Roman courts to decree that the benefits of copyright should be limited to a single generation, or twenty-six years, except where a son may wish to extend it, in which case it would run for another twenty-six years. But the absolute limit was fixed at fifty-two years.

Outside his native Macedonia and, to a lesser extent, Italy the inventor of the period is not generally recognized. The 2,500th anniversary of his birth (April 1, A.F.D.) gives all of us a long-deferred opportunity to pay homage to a man who has made written language not only intelligible but possible. The period did not come about by accident. Someone had to invent it and fight for it.

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SR's Book of the Week:

"RED, BLACK, BLOND, AND OLIVE"

By C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

FRESH from his investigations into "The Scrolls from the Dead Sea," the literary critic Edmund Wilson is now taking a fling at anthropological reporting. His new book, "Red, Black, Blond, and Olive" (Oxford University Press, $6.75), is an inquiry into four disparate cultures: the Zuni Indians of northwestern New Mexico, the Haitians, the people of Soviet Russia as he saw them in 1935, and the builders of the new state of Israel. Parts of these studies—distinguished for their delightful style and realistic approach—appeared originally in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere.

With a fascinating charm that cloaks his diligent research, Mr. Wilson plunges us first into an important moment in the life of the Zuni Indians. This is the December festival known as the Shalako, a series of dances that lasts for several days. The Shalako dances mark the high point of the Zuni year, at which the moral standard is set; if the dances are performed correctly the favor of the gods will remain unimpaired. It is startling, says Wilson, to see all the life of the animal world and the power of the natural elements made continuous with human vitality and endowed with semi-human form. The sense of man's oneness with the universe best describes the Zuni attitude toward life and death.

Some of the Zuni attitudes are, of course, exclusive and simple. For example, they believe that their village is exactly at the center of the world and that they are in danger of losing the sun every year at the time when the days grow short. If their mythology occasionally repels us, Wilson asks, what must we ourselves say about the candles of the Jewish Hanukkah and the candles of the Christmas tree that survive from similar rituals intended to recall the departed sun?

In Haiti the problems are tremendous, nor are they merely the familiar ones touching on agriculture and disease, poverty and education. There is also the contrast between the classical (French) and popular (Creole) cultures, and there is the complicated system of values that is based on the varying proportions of white and Negro blood. On balance the Haitian Negro seems better off than ours, for in the Haitian Revolution the men of color won their independence, whereas in our Civil War the issue was not so much between blacks and whites as between North and South. At the highest levels, says Wilson, Haiti has produced a type of mind irreducibly first-rate. With such leadership the Haitians have somehow been able to assert the dignity of humankind amid a sea of brutishness and outrage.

The third essay is a sympathetic record by a sensitive gentleman, with a well-stocked mind, of five months in Soviet Russia during 1935. It is full of interesting people, places, and experiences, even including a bout with scarlet fever in the Odessa hospital. Those were the days when Russia seemed to be Europe's best hope against Hitlerism. If, with our present fears, we wish that the simplicity and incompetence and friendliness of two decades ago might characterize present-day Russians, it is nevertheless well to be reminded of the original ideals that inspired the Russian Revolution. Not that Wilson was fooled by the crazed half-oriental Stalin who, among other things, assassinated character and ideas.

"Israel, 1954" begins with an extraordinary piece, "On First Reading Genesis." Wilson, who is "neither a Jew nor a Christian," was once faced with the prospect of spending a winter in Princeton. He set to work to learn the ancient language of the Jews, who have given the Western world all four of its great religions—Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, and the half-religion Marxism. Equipped with Hebrew, he then read the book of Genesis for the first time in his life. The result is a penetrating, comprehensive, and illuminating review of one of the greatest books in the world, as if it had been published yesterday.

The final essay finds Wilson in Palestine, announcing the supremacy of moral force and human will over the material encumberments of earth. He points out that it has always been the essence of the Jewish genius that it works through the spirit and the intellect. The triumph of the Jews has been to make Jerusalem the high place of God and give it to all humanity.

—Sylvia Salmi.

THE AUTHOR: Edmund Wilson, who calls himself a journalist, is often referred to as America's foremost literary critic; actually he is a sort of literary weaver, and the question "What sort of criticism?" is as hard to answer as the question "What color rug?" "My function is to bring together a number of fields that haven't been brought together," he once said; and, again, he wrote, "Literary criticism for me has always meant narrative and drama as well as establishing of comparative values." There is little formal, technical criticism in his work; rather, he interprets, explains, analyzes, and, often, moralizes, drawing on his own large fund of knowledge to set books and authors in context with civilizations and ideas. "The aim is to be truly international," he once said, and because he dislikes translations he has learned to read in French, Italian, Russian, Hebrew, Latin, and Greek; because he doesn't read Spanish he has never read "Don Quixote." He is not a deep scholar, in that he makes no claims to exhaustiveness. He is an ardent bibliophile, and the phrase "passion for literature" runs through his work, but this is precisely because for him literature and life are inseparable. At sixteen, writing about Sterne, he emerged not with a critical appraisal but an account of Sterne's death as related to his works. Wilson writes colorfully and, as Irving Howe once said in the *Nation*, "from the center of his personality"; Stanley Edgar Hyman once described him as a "conduit between the obscure or difficult work and the reader." The author of twenty-two books of fiction, poetry, plays, and criticism, Wilson has worked as a reporter for the New York *Evening Sun*, as managing editor of *Vanity Fair*, as book-review editor and associate editor of the *New Republic*, and as book-review editor and feature writer for *The New Yorker*, with which he is still affiliated. Now, *aet.* 61 and commuting between Wellfleet, Mass., and *The New Yorker* offices, he is engaged on a study, "as much historical as literary," of the Civil War period. As he said the other day, "Everything I'm interested in I write about."

—RICHARD LEMON.

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Beauty and the Charlatan

***"Wingless Victory," by Frances Winwar** (Harper. 352 pp. $5), is a biography of the Italian poet, playwright, novelist, and political adventurer, whose eventful amatory career crossed the fabulous Eleanora Duse's.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

IN GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO'S most famous novel, "Il Fuoco" ("The Flame of Life"), the one about his love affair with Eleanora Duse, he describes a beautiful young singer to whom he is attracted as having "the body of a wingless victory." The image was evidently a favorite with him. "The Winged Victory of Samothrace" had been discovered a few months before D'Annunzio was born, and he seems to have been obsessed throughout his career with this fragment of pagan antiquity, representing as it did the perfection of female beauty, with overtones of imperial conquest.

All this is implied in Frances Winwar's use of "Wingless Victory" as the title of her biography of Duse and D'Annunzio, but Miss Winwar has gone farther. A wingless victory, she conveys, is a kind of sublimation, a spiritual growth produced by pain such as Duse experienced when she stopped fawning hopelessly on D'Annunzio and returned bravely, with no hard feelings, to the stage. The point appears labored and is in any case unnecessary. Who could ask for a moral or a large-scale literary pun when these lives speak for themselves as Miss Winwar has made them speak in this big opulent biography, sumptuous with atmospheric detail and brimful of vigor?

Although the author has disclaimed the intention of writing a definitive biography, "Wingless Victory" represents the most exhaustive job that has yet been done on D'Annunzio. This is no small feat. When he was still a youth at school, and already the author of two published books of poems, seventeen-year-old Gabriele not only carried off most of the academic honors but was cited for "dancing, fencing, for painting, and for lifting up his voice in song, as well as for playing the violin!" For a biographer the job of covering the man's prodigious literary, amatory, and military activities and reducing them to some manageable dimension must have been like trying to stuff an octopus into a rubber glove.

His dubious ties with Mussolini tarred D'Annunzio's literary fame. Critics saw in his lust and violence, his frankly amoral attitude to life and art, his glorification of will, sensuality, pride, and instinct, the philosophical approach to Fascism.

Frances Winwar makes no attempt to deny that D'Annunzio was an exhibitionist, a charlatan, and a heel. She simply points out that he was also a genius. "There was no sound in nature which he could not reproduce through his verse, no imagery beyond the reach of his imagination. . . . In the language he loved and understood in all its melodious nuances . . . he became the unchallenged virtuoso."

The World War I phase of D'Annunzio's career, when he showered propaganda on Vienna from the air, lost an eye in a plane crash, joined a daring raid by torpedo boat, and commanded the unauthorized seizure of Fiume, has been conscientiously told, with suitable bravura flourish. Here the author suspends her critical judgment in favor of hero-worship. Perhaps she felt she owed it to the poet to make clear his great patriotism, since she had already made explicit his great sins. One cannot question the motive, but the result is that this section of the book lags a bit in interest and does not seem in character: we have not been prepared for unselfishness in D'Annunzio.

The author writes most brilliantly when she is limning D'Annunzio's women. Curiously, the one whom "Wingless Victory" is half about emerges less vividly than some of her rivals. The young Eleanora Duse is portrayed with sympathy and competence, and Miss Winwar has done famously also by the episode of Duse's challenge to Sarah Bernhardt in Sarah's own bailiwick. Whenever Duse meets D'Annunzio in these pages, however, she seems to grow indistinct. Few who have written of this celebrated love affair have been able to resist taking sides. It would be difficult to quarrel with Miss Winwar's verdict, which is, roughly, that Gabriele treated Eleanora abominably, but that she asked for it. All the same, one wonders uneasily how this vague, matronly, almost Helen-Hokinson type could have inspired the poet's greatest work, much less moved audiences to rapture.

A BIGGER riddle, and one that will bemuse at least briefly every normal reader, is the secret of D'Annunzio's fantastic success with women. Why did beautiful women of rank and fortune toss their reputations overboard, give away their children, and surrender in droves to this bald, strutting little cockalorum? Virility alone cannot explain it. Was it because he strewed his settee with rose petals, put his mistresses into poems, and made romantic heroines of ordinary, gorgeous, but stupid *signoras*? Certainly, D'Annunzio was one of those rare men who have understood the deep feminine craving to be talked to about love. He could say in five thousand intoxicating words what a more laconic male might boil down to "Baby, you were great!"

All in all, even those who detest everything D'Annunzio stood for and rank his novels only a few notches above "Three Weeks" will find absorbing reading in this study of a unique personality.

D'Annunzio—". . . strutting cockalorum."

—From the book jacket.

Duse—". . . Helen-Hokinson type."

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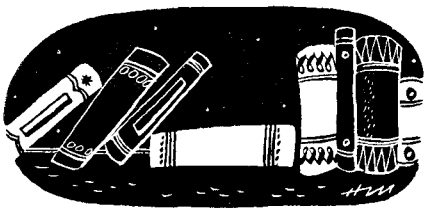


Rabbi's Boy in Edinburgh

"Two Worlds," by David Daiches *(Harcourt, Brace. 192 pp. $3.50), offers the memories of a distinguished literary critic about his boyhood as the son of a rabbi in Edinburgh. Our reviewer, Saul Bellow, is the author of the novel "The Adventures of Augie March."*

By Saul Bellow

IN "Two Worlds" David Daiches tells the story of his childhood and youth as the son of an Orthodox rabbi in Edinburgh. The reader may approach this book with a great deal of curiosity (in spite of Mr. Daiches's matter-of-fact tone the idea of a Scottish Jew is a little startling); he will certainly leave it with a memorable portrait of Rabbi Daiches, virtual leader of the Jews in Scotland, who was able to reconcile Orthodox Judaism with modern culture more successfully than anyone would think possible.

"Indeed, one of my father's great aims was to bring the two worlds—the Scottish and the Jewish—into intimate association, to demonstrate by way of his life and that of his community that Orthodox Jewish communities could thrive in Scotland, true to their own traditions yet at the same time a respected part of the Scottish social and cultural scene."

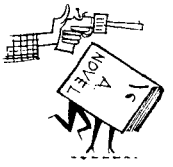
So Mr. Daiches describes his father's purpose early in his book, and proceeds to show his reader the practical difficulties his father experienced as well as his achievements. But while Rabbi Daiches, passionately devoted to his calling, forceful, highly intelligent, scholarly, and unusual in every way, seems able to bring together the two worlds, the task is by no means easy for his children. The rules and conditions of Orthodoxy prohibit them from the ordinary social intercourse enjoyed by schoolboys (they cannot follow sports because athletic events take place on Saturday; the Literary Club meets on Friday evenings) and at the same time their Jewish contemporaries hold aloof from them because their father is the rabbi.

In many respects, then, Mr. Daiches's early life was a lonely one. He was insulated from the greater world by the orthodoxy, the pride, and the special vision of his father. Evidently Rabbi Daiches saw no danger to orthodoxy in the humanistic education his sons were receiving. Mr. Daiches's life revolved almost entirely around the personality and activities of his father. Of his mother he has far less to say. The rabbi was a highly respected public figure. His weekly letters to the *Scotsman* and his frequent public appearances made him widely known. His task as he saw it was to clarify the position of the Jews in the modern world. He was a respected scholar, the author of a book on David Hume, and, in short, he was an extraordinarily active person.

The rabbi's own father, also a scholar and a rabbi, though he lived in England did not know English. This gentle, humorous old man spoke Yiddish, a language his son had given up. The old Daiches belonged to the Polish ghetto and with a sort of happy and peaceful arrogance he carried the world's center with him wherever he went. But his son, a far more ambitious man, educated in Germany, had a conception of the place of the Jew in European civilization from which the ghetto and its language were eliminated. For himself his synthesis was entirely successful. His children were not able to follow him and, as their father had turned away from the ghetto, so they turned from Orthodoxy.

"My father in his innocence took much for granted," writes Mr. Daiches. "Most of all he took for granted that the deep, unmentioned roots of his own faith would spread automatically down the generations. He, as an orthodox Jewish rabbi and a student of Hume and Kant, had finally solved the relation between Judaism and modern secular culture and showed how one could be a free and equal citizen of a Western democracy while keeping up all the Orthodox Jewish observances; there was nothing for Lionel and me to do but follow in his footsteps. Though he never thought of us as becoming rabbis I don't think it once crossed his mind that we would ever question his synthesis."

This was Rabbi Daiches's noble error. Possibly he drew the strength to accomplish his tasks from his ghetto origins. Perhaps some of the deepest "unmentioned roots" lay there.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THEY'RE OFF!

Naming-novels-by-their-first-sentences is an old stunt in this quiz game, so, by way of semi-novelty, there is offered this week a choice selection of ten opening *paragraphs*. Identify, if you will, titles and authors. Get five and you have no reason for embarrassment, get six to eight and you have much cause for self-congratulation, get nine or ten and it will be a remarkable coincidence. All is disclosed on page 45. (Quiz on terminal paragraphs later.)

1. The young man who at the end of September 1924 dismounted from a taxicab in South Square, Westminster, was so unobtrusively American that his driver had some hesitation in asking for double his fare. The young man had no hesitation in refusing it.
2. "Tom!"
3. The traffic policemen and the two detectives from the homicide squad examined the tracks of the car and were convinced that a soft shoulder of the road had given way.
4. Dusk—of a summer night.
5. Thirty years ago Madame Holbein had seen the wisteria and taken the house. "I didn't look at anything else," she said. "I didn't need to."
6. The bishop was feeling rather sea-sick. Confoundedly sea-sick, in fact.
7. —They order, said I, this matter better in France—
8. I had the story, bit by bit, from various people, and as generally happens in such cases, each time it was a different story.
9. My father's name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.
10. Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself.

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Seeing Hand

***"Helen Keller: Sketch for a Portrait," by Van Wyck Brooks** (E. P. Dutton. 166 pp. $3), is an appreciation by a close friend and admirer.*

By Bonaro W. Overstreet

VAN WYCK BROOKS did well by himself and his readers when he chose the word "sketch" to describe his new book "Helen Keller: Sketch for a Portrait." In a double sense, it is just that. It is a sketch because he has drawn, with firmness and perception, the lines—the structural form—on which a fuller portrait might be constructed. And it is a sketch because the life of Helen Keller is manifestly impossible to report in its full detail.

Like most of my American contemporaries and hosts of people the world around, I have "always" known about Helen Keller. Yet when I finished reading the all too few pages of this book I realized that I had never known about her any of the things that mattered most; and, beyond this, I realized anew how little we know about the basic mystery of the life we take for granted in our human selves.

When Helen Keller was a child of seven she was an unruly, virtually uncontrollable fury: a bundle of latent powers, we might say, that were desperate with frustration.

When she was in her middle sixties Van Wyck Brooks could set down in his notebook the following random facts: "Helen has been out picking blueberries today. She has only to touch them to know when they are ripe. . . . Someone asked her how she knows the difference between day and night. 'Oh', she said, 'in the day the air is lighter, odors are lighter, and there is more motion and vibration in the atmosphere. In the evening quiet there are fewer vibrations. The air is dense and one feels less motion in things!' . . . She had witnessed the inauguration [in January 1945], standing with Jo Davidson under the magnolia trees on the snow-covered grounds of the White House . . . and in the evening of what she calls 'that piled-up day' she dined with Justice Hugo Black, Thurman Arnold, and others. They discussed the various roads by which Soviet Russia and the United States might reach genuine democracy, considering their conflicting views of economic determinism. . . ."

What did the almost six decades hold that changed the unruly child into a woman who in spite of being—in the ordinary sense of these words—blind and deaf could travel from one Government hospital to another and could report, with a depth of understanding, both the nervous tensions of the patients and the miracle of cooperative surgery, medicine, and teaching organized "to help multitudes of disabled servicemen to regain their human heritage"?

—From "Teacher: Anne Sullivan Macy."

Young Helen Keller with "Teacher."

What those decades held is what Van Wyck Brooks here reports. It is the story of an extraordinary intelligence and a spirit of rare beauty trapped by the inadequacies of the body—and then released by the genius of "Teacher": Anne Sullivan. It is the story of friendships—truly great friendships—that framed for the striving mind and heart of Helen Keller an ample spiritual universe in which to stretch and grow. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Alexander Graham Bell, Whittier, Phillips Brooks, Mark Twain—these and others, and yet others—were friends of Helen Keller not out of pity but out of wonder at her genius for living. When Caruso said to her "I have sung the best in my life for you" he spoke for a multitude of great spirits who each in his own way gave of his best.

The odd thing is that Helen Keller's triumphs over her handicaps do not so much set her apart from the rest of us as point up for all of us the amazing capacities we have to unite ourselves with our world. Her "seeing hand" becomes in effect a hand that guides our obtuse selves back toward the mysteries of the sensory universe, the human tradition of poetry and philosophy and history, and the yearning spirit within each separate individual.

This book is a sketch. Perhaps the best way for it to be filled out into a complete portrait is for each reader of it to round out in his own life the experiences that Helen Keller reminds us are within our reach.

TINSEL EDITOR-STATESMAN: In his eighty-one years Henry "Marse" Watterson (1840-1921), who was the editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and one of the great figures of American journalism, spanned an important period of American history and had considerable to do with the making of that history. He was in and out of the Civil War, and at its close he pleaded for the reconciliation of the sections. He played a prominent part in the turbulent Reconstruction period. He was largely responsible for Tilden's nomination by the Democrats in 1876. He was an uneasy Democrat, sometimes following but more often quarreling with Cleveland, Bryan, Wilson, and other party leaders and airily responding, when challenged as faithless, with this couplet:

> Things have come to a hell of a pass
> When a man can't whip his own jackass.

Now, in **"Henry Watterson, Reconstructed Rebel"** (Oxford University Press, $6) Joseph Frazier Wall makes a moderately successful attempt to paint the Watterson portrait. He gives us a good picture of Watterson's flamboyant personality; he faithfully chronicles the political turnings and twistings of the *Courier-Journal*'s editor with comments that are often astute and penetrating.

And yet one feels that this treatment of Watterson might well have been more incisive than it is. Mr. Wall tells us that the real drama of the late nineteenth century lay in the conflict between the Carnegies and Rockefellers on the one hand and the Mary Leases and Molly Maguires on the other, and that this was a show which Watterson "could neither understand nor appreciate." But he tells us nothing of Watterson's truckling to the Redeemers, that motley collection of railroad giants and corporation heads and "kept" lawyers who were interested only in profits and who maintained themselves in power by developing the cult of white supremacy while the great editor kept his eyes fixed on the narrow horizon where gleamed "the star-eyed goddess" of tariff reform. Neither are we told anything about Watterson's opinion of contract labor, of the Haymarket affair, of the Homestead strike.

One feels that the author, in kindly

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spirit, has at points drawn a veil of charity over a tinsel hero. It is a story that needs to be cast in terms of high tragedy—terms that would have meant a great rather than a good biography.

—Glyndon G. Van Deusen.

ARCHITECT OF CANADIAN CONFEDERATION: If a single individual can be credited with building Canada as a nation it is Sir John A. Macdonald, the Dominion's first Prime Minister, for it is doubtful if any other person could have welded the sharply conflicting French- and English-speaking people of British North America into one country. In **"John A. Macdonald, The Old Chieftain"** (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50), which is the second and final volume of a two-part biography, Donald Creighton paints the architect of Canada's Confederation (in 1867), warts and all. Neither his weaknesses nor his failures are glossed over. Whether it be the Macdonald who often escaped under pressure into drunken stupor or who was beset by heavy personal debts or whose scratchings for campaign funds led into the Pacific scandal, there is no hiding of facts. And Professor Creighton authoritatively discusses Macdonald's creative statesmanship: his vision of a nation in partnership with Britain yet developing its own peculiar nationality; his realistic approach to the U.S. as the dominant power on this continent; his insistence on the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and his creation of the National Policy which developed a firmer base for Canadian industry and manufacturing.

Like all great democratic leaders, Sir John held few illusions about the reasons which impelled voters in their choice at elections. He knew that both national good and self-interest, while important, were not the whole story. He understood well that people often voted with their blood, as happened when Louis Riel's hanging was made an issue by the French-speaking politicians in Quebec. As Macdonald himself said in a House of Commons debate in 1890, when he was seventy-five years old and near the end of his career: "There is no paramount race in this country; there is no conquered race in this country; we are all British subjects, and those who are not English are nonetheless British subjects on that account." He was the kind of politician who used his agility to advance a nation, and for this brilliant, readable, and carefully documented biography of him Professor Creighton is assured a place in the first rank of Canadian historians.

—L. L. L. Golden.

FICTION

Patrol of Portent

"Your Own Beloved Sons," by Thomas Anderson *(Random House. 230 pp. $3.50), is the story of a single incident in the Korean War the work of a young writer of great promise.*

By Milton Crane

"Your Own Beloved Sons" is a first novel by a twenty-seven-year-old Danish-reared writer who acquired his knowledge of the English language in his twenties. This alone would make Thomas Anderson's moving story of an incident in the Korean War remarkable enough. But it is not as a tour de force that the book commands our respect and admiration. Mr. Anderson has written the first considerable treatment in fiction of the crucial first challenge to the power of the United Nations to keep the peace. And, although he is concerned primarily with the behavior of a small group of men on a dangerous mission, he has succeeded in investing their plight with far wider implications and meanings.

The situation from which the action of this book develops is almost as simple as the one that served Stephen Crane so well. An American company is trapped in enemy territory by Chinese and North Korean troops. The captain in command calls for a patrol of six volunteers to make contact with a Dutch battalion holding a town some distance away and to return. The patrol consists of Sergeant Stanley, the leader, who is shortly to be rotated home; Decker, an efficient, uncomplicated corporal; Littlejohn, a cook who yearns to see action; Olsen, a gunner; Gardner, a good soldier who has lost his spirit; and Richard Avery, an inexperienced replacement, who like Crane's hero wins through to maturity as man and soldier.

The ordeal of the patrol is the subject of Mr. Anderson's book. And he has treated it in grimly authentic detail, drawing on his own experience in Korea, when his outfit was caught behind enemy lines and broke through to join Dutch troops holding the town of Hoensong.

This ordeal is epitomized in the spiritual travail of Stanley, whom all the members of the patrol deeply respect; indeed, most of them have volunteered largely because of their faith in him. Even Gardner, who feels himself misunderstood and misprized by Stanley, testifies by his resentment how much Stanley commands his loyalty.

Stanley reciprocates their regard only too strongly. It is his exaggerated sense of responsibility for his fellows that drives him to volunteer and actually to hand-pick his men, to the extent of choosing the neophytes Littlejohn and Richard over veteran soldiers. He experiences in his own person the collapse of Gardner, the terror of Littlejohn, whose healer and teacher as well as leader he wishes to be. Hence, when he is blinded and can no longer serve them, he kills himself; and Richard and Littlejohn, the survivors of the patrol, bring his body back as they complete their mission.

Mr. Anderson succeeds to an astonishing degree in imposing simplicity and clarity on a complicated narrative. He does so, to be sure, at a cost; his characters, except the protagonists, are only lightly drawn. And the enemy—indeed, the whole war—exists largely as a nebulous though horribly imminent threat. But these limitations proceed from the economy of means that Mr. Anderson has so tellingly employed.

—Jacket drawing by D. Schwartz.

". . . moving incident in the Korean War."

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Reflections of a Petty World

***"The Presence of Grace," by J. F. Powers** (Doubleday. 191 pp. $2.95), is a collection of short stories by a talented writer much concerned with the meanness and vulgarity of a mechanical civilization.*

By Frank O'Connor

THE attraction of the religious life for the storyteller is overpowering. It is the attraction of a sort of life which is the very opposite of that described by brilliant writers like John O'Hara or John Cheever; a life lived, or seeking to be lived, by standards other than those of this world, one which, in fact, resembles that of the artist. The good priest, like the good artist, needs human rewards, but no human reward can ever satisfy him. Generally speaking, the religious life provokes two sorts of writing, gush and satire, the former usually the work of cynics, the latter of idealists. It is perhaps a measure of its difficulties that the finest of religious novels, Trollope's "Last Chronicle of Barset," is by an Anglican.

Of all modern writers known to me who have dealt with Catholic religious life J. F. Powers, whose new volume of short stories, "The Presence of Grace," has just been published, is far and away the best. He has his own peculiar technique for handling the subject. Unlike the sentimentalists and satirists, he rarely glances at religion itself, as though it were a light too strong for his eyes. He is interested mainly in the pettiness and vulgarity of a mechanical civilization.

"Blue Island," a story with no clerical background, is a bitter little study of a lonely couple who are led to believe that the neighbors are rallying around at a coffee party organized by a Mrs. Hancock who turns out to be a demonstrator of kitchen utensils. The title story describes a curate, invited to dinner by a female parishioner, who is led to believe by the demonstrations of the local Nervous Nellies that he has been tricked into condoning an adultery. But his pastor, whose principal amusement is his coin machine, "the tambourines of the separator, the castanets of the counter," has no such fears. The power of grace enables him to triumph over the scandals of the Nervous Nellies. The former is a good story but nothing in it relieves the pathos of the human tragedy; the latter is a great story because the concealed light that streams about the shadowy, all-too-human figures has an unearthly brilliance. So in "The Devil Was a Joker," a story of two salesmen of religious goods, the presence of Myles, the ex-seminarist, with his dream of persuading some bishop of his fitness for the priesthood, adds another dimension to the narrative. Myles, too, is a man living by standards other than those of the world.

After the darkness of so much American fiction this book produces a peculiar shock of delight. Having lived with Mr. Powers's first book, "Prince of Darkness," for some years, I can testify that it is not a delight that disappears as the shock diminishes. Powers is among the greatest of living storytellers.

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

J. F. Powers—". . . shock of delight."

JUSTICE IN THE ARGENTINE DESERT: British reviewers have insisted on comparing Michael Barrett's first novel, **"The Reward"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3), with Frank Norris's "McTeague" and with B. Traven's "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre." Beyond superficial similarities it has very little to do with either of these books; but it is an interesting first novel that has certain depths of feeling. The hero, Martin Neale, is a young adventurer who recognizes a former Oxford acquaintance in a remote and treacherous province of Argentina. As it happens, this acquaintance is in even more desperate straits than is the Martin, for he has kidnapped a millionaire's child and has a price on his head and, with his wife, is striking out blindly for the desert. In this situation Martin sees a chance to redeem his own shattered career by informing on the kidnapper and collecting the reward; and as the safari of the hunters and the hunted moves out through the desert one begins to see that the reward has put its curse over the entire affair, that nobody is morally innocent and that, as in Greek tragedy, each member of the expedition will meet the fate already assigned for him. Maybe it is all too neat for, although Mr. Barrett's characters and scenery—and his moral issues—are all well done, one realizes that the inevitability of the story has become a little mechanical. It takes talent to create this kind of tale, but it takes more talent to break through its restrictions, and Mr. Barrett hasn't quite broken through. I suspect the movie may do better. —MAXWELL GEISMAR.

ENGLISHMAN IN GREECE: In Francis King's **"The Dark Glasses"** (Pantheon, $2.95) ironic contrast is made between Patrick, an Englishman who lets "most people and things go their own way," and a considerable number of "less civilized" inhabitants of Greece, where the novel is set. Patrick goes to postwar Greece with his Greek wife, Iris,

(*Continued on page* 35)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 665

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 665 will be found in the next issue.

ABCDEFA EBROWGMWREWO

FPW NYW

OEFPWEPBLO BX XBBAO

FRV NYW UWFEBRO

BX LDOW SWR.

—NYBSFO YMKAWJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 664

The pride of ancestry increases in the ratio of distance.

—GEORGE CURTIS.

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One Man's Vice President

"Nixon," by Ralph de Toledano (Henry Holt. 188 pp. $3), is an "unauthorized" biography of the Vice President of the United States. It is here reviewed by Jack Steele, Washington correspondent for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

By Jack Steele

BEN FRANKLIN if he were still around might be willing to expand his list of life's certainties to include campaign biographies along with death and taxes. It was inevitable that at least one biography of Vice President Richard M. Nixon would be turned out in this 1956 election year. Ralph de Toledano's "Nixon" was publicized in advance as a "campaign biography." And the description fits.

It is this reviewer's perverse opinion that campaign biographies, even though they may be inevitable, are seldom of much use. Such is the case, I regret to report, with this one. Mr. De Toledano's biography will please the Vice President's ardent fans, who presumably are ready and anxious to vote for him for any office up to and including the Presidency. It can hardly be expected to change the opinions of his enemies. But, unfortunately, neither will it be of much help to the millions of Americans who may have to sit in political judgment on Mr. Nixon again this year.

The complaint that a biography is not "definitive" is perhaps over-used by reviewers, including this one. And Mr. Nixon, at forty-three, is too young and too close to mid-career to be the subject of such a definitive work.

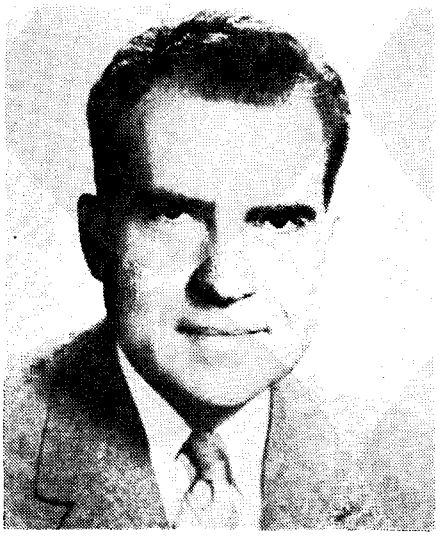
But there is a very real need for a book about the Vice President which would meet criteria such as these: 1) that it be, to the extent of human possibility, fair and impartial; 2) that it put into one record all the available facts about the major controversies which have swirled around his head; 3) that its author be widely trusted for his objectivity and unimpassioned judgment.

Mr. De Toledano's book simply doesn't measure up on any of these counts. It is, rather, a paean of praise for a man who in the author's eyes has never made a mistake and has been the target of a continuous "smear" attack fostered by "pro-Communists" who have never forgiven his key role in exposing Alger Hiss. Even some friends and admirers of the Vice President may be willing to admit this falls short of the whole truth. And it is difficult to believe that the author himself would claim to be completely above bias regarding his subject.

Mr. De Toledano is an associate editor of *Newsweek*. For want of better words, he might be classified as a "doctrinaire" and "professional" anti-Communist. He is the author of "Seeds of Treason"—a review of the Hiss case he wrote with Victor Lasky—and of "Spies, Dupes, and Diplomats." Last year he accused some bookstores of refusing to sell his anti-Communist novel "Day of Reckoning."

In all fairness, Mr. De Toledano admits from the start that his latest work is intended as a passionate defense of Mr. Nixon. He insists it is not an "authorized" biography, although he says the Vice President cooperated by opening his files and answering questions.

The book Mr. De Toledano says he decided not to write might have been more valuable and interesting than the one he has written. In his preface to "Nixon" he relates that he originally intended to write two more chapters, one to analyze the "systematic falsification" of the Nixon record and the other to deal with "Things People Say Nixon Said Which He Never Said."



Nixon—". . . a passionate defense."

He dropped the idea because he felt that "I would be arguing with myself and with some rather soiled phantoms." It is hard to picture Mr. De Toledano arguing with himself. But a good many people are still arguing about the "soiled phantoms" which have been thrown up as roadblocks in the path of Mr. Nixon's career. It may be just as well that Mr. De Toledano has not tried to analyze them. But someone should.

ANTI-SEMITISM TODAY: A number of aspects of anti-Semitism as a political weapon are discussed by Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein in **"Cross-Currents"** (Doubleday, $4), the latest of the annual surveys of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. The authors discuss the feverish activities of our native reactionaries as they sought to create a Christian Nationalist movement and a Constitution Party to beat Eisenhower in 1952, and to elect MacArthur, who did not even bother to disclaim them. They officially nominated MacArthur and placed his name on the ballot in nine states, where he received 18,000 votes. Then the hate groups let loose an attack on the public schools. Through the National Economic Council, Operation America, the Congress of Freedom, For America, and other organizations the reactionaries shouted that schools do not teach properly, that they cost too much money, that they cultivate "frills and fads"; they denounced UNESCO, the foundations, the U.N., and everything else that they considered "unconstitutional, un-American, and un-Christian."

Some of the nativists have international links, though the word "international" is anathema to them. The close links that exist between Werner Naumann of the German Reichs Party and some American anti-Semites is shown in detail; and more recently ties have been established between some hate groups in the United States and Arab propagandists, who do their best to create a picture of the American Jew as a sort of fifth columnist whose primary loyalty is to a foreign power, as an essentially criminal ele-

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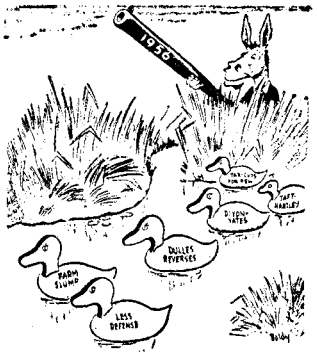
—*Wood*, Richmond News Leader.

Republicans say the Democrats have no issues for the coming campaign.



—*Baldy*, The Atlantic Constitution.

To which the stock Democratic reply is, of course, "Is that so?"

—*Yoes*, The San Diego Union.

Republicans will complain the Democratic Congress didn't do the work it should have.

—*Yardley*, The Baltimore Sun.

Democrats will reply there would have been no Eisenhower record except for their votes.

—*Pratt*, The McClatchy Newspapers.

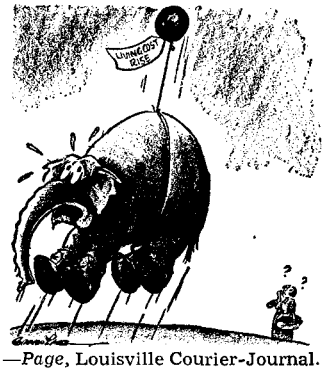
Secretary of State Dulles will be charged with confusing and frightening our allies.

—*Immel*, The Peoria Journal.

Defenders will picture Mr. Dulles as a sure-footed, farsighted worker for peace.

—*Bimrose*, Portland Oregonian.

While the Administration will point with pride to the soaring stock market . . .



—*Page*, Louisville Courier-Journal.

. . . the opposition will ask what about the equally high-level cost of living.

CARTOONISTS AND THE 1956 CAMPAIGN: Of all the media by which the issue of the coming Presidential campaign can be crystallized none is more concise than the political cartoon. And nobody recognizes this fact better than does Pierce G. Fredericks, who as a member of the Sunday department of *The New York Times* sees most of the country's best cartoons each week. Now, in a new book entitled **"The People's Choice"** (Dodd, Mead, $2.95) Mr. Fredericks has collected from the offerings which come across his desk those which deal with the 1956 campaign. In doing so he has been remarkably non-partisan in regard to both cartoonists and issues. As far as political parties go Mr. Fredericks has chosen a Republican cartoon to match every Democratic cartoon, and vice versa. This he has done remarkably well, as is clear from the examples shown above; and in addition you can also find views on almost any other issue likely to come up, from taxes and Congressional investigations to some remarkably timely views on the controversial Mr. Nixon.

ment that furthers an international conspiracy on behalf of Elders of Zion like Felix Frankfurter and Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

All of these facts make for unpleasant but necessary reading. The cumulative effect of Jew-sniping can hardly be calculated. The most dangerous activities at the moment are those conducted by the Arab propagandists and their American accessories.

Two particularly interesting sections of the book are those devoted to the Fort Monmouth scandal and the case of Abraham Chasanow. With respect to each of these situations there is a strong suspicion that anti-Semitism was not altogether absent. If McCarthyism means, as the authors say, irresponsible exploitation of political and public media for the furthering of personal or political ambitions, defamation of personal or political opponents, the mixture of fact and gossip, the cultivation of prejudice and fear, reliance on secret informers, and that a person is guilty until he proves himself innocent, then these two cases are excellent examples of the phenomenon. The discussion of these cases should be published in a separate monograph, so that they would attract the special attention they deserve.—MILTON R. KONVITZ.

N.Y. MAN AGAINST CRIME: William J. Keating's **"The Man Who Rocked the Boat"** (co-authored by Richard Carter; Harper, $3.95), which covers his thirteen years of criminal law enforcement in New York City, is an important and exciting description of the work-a-day world of public servants who deal with organized crime. It also tells a story which is curiously parallel to that of General Billy Mitchell, who loved an institution not wisely but too well.

In 1947 Mr. Keating gave to the New York District Attorney's Office its greatest legal victory in a decade—the conviction of John Dunn and Andrew Sheridan for the waterfront murder of Andrew Hintz, a boss loader who had resisted the incursions of criminal elements onto his pier.

Richard Carter deserves full praise for the mastery of an enormous amount of colorful material which should, in time, make an excellent motion picture. —ELEAZAR LIPSKY.

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Chotzinoff on Toscanini

Valet and Hero

"Toscanini, An Intimate Portrait," by Samuel Chotzinoff *(Alfred A. Knopf. 147 pp. $3.50), is a record of thirty years' acquaintance with the Maestro.*

By Irving Kolodin

IF GENERALS such as Eisenhower, Bradley, and Marshall may write, for personal purposes, their reminiscences of the most costly war ever fought, I suppose there is no valid reason why Samuel Chotzinoff, ex-music critic, ex-right bower to Arturo Toscanini, should not write his account, as a private in the ranks, of the long warfare waged by that great musician against the inefficiency, inertia, and human limitations of those with whom he conducted his public affairs. Unlike Captain Harry Butcher, first into print with his memoirs of Eisenhower, Chotzinoff has not called it "My Thirty Years with Toscanini," but simply "Toscanini, An Intimate Portrait."

The 147 pages, priced at $3.50, can be read in an hour and if you are a music-lover —or, more particularly, someone indebted to Toscanini for some of the most cherishable moments of your musical life—you will find it one of the most absorbing hours of that life. It provides, in a hundred examples and with many relevant anecdotes, the absorptions, explosions, insights, extortions, and self-flagellating zeal with which Toscanini accomplished the marvels for which he is remembered.

The account proceeds on largely chronological lines from the time in the summer of 1926 when, while music critic of the *New York World,* Chotzinoff was ordered from Paris to Milan by his editor, Herbert Bayard Swope, to get a story on Toscanini's run-in with the Fascist regime. Chotzinoff did as directed, gaining an audience if not the story. The storm-center pretended not to understand English, but dropped a hint alerting Chotzinoff to a source who would give him the story. So a bond of admiration fostered years before—when Toscanini was new to the Met and Chotzinoff was an admiring standee—was sealed.

In reliving the period of veneration that succeeded when Chotzinoff was critic first of the *World,* then of the *Post,* while Toscanini was having his years of glory as conductor of the Philharmonic, the author tells us he subscribed to a box overlooking the stage—for closer adoration, though he had the usual free press tickets downstairs. He tells us of seeking out the Maestro in the Green Room concert after concert, finally plucking up courage to invite him to his home for dinner. Royalty could not have commanded what Toscanini received—including the presence of the author's best friend and his wife's sister as "butler" and "maid"—when he unexpectedly accepted.

We are reminded that the great man's opinions brooked no dissension, that those admitted to the charmed circle automatically set aside musical opinions of their own. "Ignorante," "Porco," and "Cane" were some of the terms of contempt hurled at anyone bold enough to question, let alone argue, a point. Many of the incidents dredged up to set these foibles in the framework of Toscanini's enormous vitality as a functioning artist have musical interest and lasting value. But his moods—even as yours and mine—fluctuated. To bask in the warmth of the sunny ones it was necessary to endure stormclouds (in Chotzinoff's suitable phrase) as unaccountable as those which came and went over Salzburg in the festival summer they spent there together.

THE author gives his version, in detail, of the means by which Toscanini, who had decided at sixty-nine (1936) he was "too old" for strenuous duty in America as conductor of the Philharmonic, was lured back by NBC. David Sarnoff is noted as the architect of the plan, though some would assign a large credit to that able showman and canny student of public relations, John Royal. Chotzinoff was sent, against his objections, to Milan. As the world knows, he achieved the unachievable, the convincer being a newspaper clipping relating how canaries had been prompted to song by the broadcast of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony by the Philharmonic-Symphony under Toscanini's direction. This—plus a suitable fee, in which the network "pay income tass," at the suggestion of Carla Toscanini, his provident wife—settled the issue. Toscanini was back and NBC had him. . . .

But, it appears, for rather too long. For a good while there was enormous prestige, occasional sponsorship, and an endless flow of recordings to be marketed by RCA Victor, an affiliate of the same Radio Corporation of America which owned NBC. (One could write a book about the treasures of musical thought poured into these grooves, and Robert Charles Marsh has. Titled "Toscanini and the Art of Orchestral Performance," [Lippincott, $4.50] it will be reviewed here shortly). People who had thronged to hear Toscanini conduct the Philharmonic, fearful it might be "the last time," flocked to the broadcasts. They grew old and died. He endured. He danced,

—*Herbert Gehr.*

The Toscaninis and the author at the Maestro's Riverdale home.

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figuratively, on the grave of Mussolini, as he had vowed to. Hitler went, Toscanini stayed. The great series of operatic recordings came into being, including the famous "Bohème." The Maestro ruined a party at Chotzinoff's home following the second, concluding, broadcast because in the final four measures the brass made a mistake perceptible only to the impassioned Maestro and the players in the section. He lined up the nine men in the dressing room and singed them with his rage. Outwardly mollified but inwardly boiling, he proceeded to the party and was sullen the whole time. "I was angry with him," writes the author "for his punishment of persons innocent of any musical misdeeds." He doesn't mention that the occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the work's premiere under Toscanini's direction, that some considerable vista of time was involved. In any case, Chotzinoff was aloof, Toscanini offended. The reconciliation came next day, in the line of duty for both, at a rehearsal. But the memory rankled.

Despite these highly subjective elements Chotzinoff has made a conscientious effort to render unto Toscanini what was Toscanini's. That is to say, he has put forward the many strong characteristics of the man—his personal modesty, lack of self-seeking, kindness to servants, a moral code condoning infidelity but condemning divorce—and usually recognized his abuse of social amenities as the price society had to pay for the kind of music making of which he was the archangel and at the same time devil's disciple.

BUT as time goes on and Chotzinoff becomes more firmly entrenched at NBC (he is, at the present time, General Music Director for Music and Television) and Toscanini grows older, hence closer to the end of his utility, the old veneration begins to fade, the old relationship of high priest and willing acolyte reappraised. Indeed, Chotzinoff seems now to be wondering whatever possessed the circle in which, in his words, ". . . no one stopped to examine and analyze or question his strange and unprecedented power. He ruled over our hearts and minds. His judgments were accepted like articles of faith. We took to our hearts the people he liked and looked askance at those he dropped." Love of the man and his works might be a reason, but it is not stressed by the author. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars. . . ."

Reading between the lines, one senses that the human sun begins to set, but the corporate sun shines on. At the end is a chilling kind of anti-climax which clarifies more than a little of what has preceded. Toscanini's giant vigor outran any budget NBC might have contemplated. The whims which had made him (at sixty-nine) inaccessible now made him unmanageable. The vacillations which had intensified ardor now compounded surfeit. The prestige had been milked, all the conceivable repertory was on disc or tape for use through the ages, the game no longer worth the candle. How to snuff it out became the problem. The issue of Toscanini's "failing memory" was seized upon to extract a letter of resignation, effective April 4, 1954.

I was not, of course, present at any incident previously detailed by Chotzinoff, including those yearly occasions when the Maestro would reflect that maybe he ought to retire, hoping to be urged not to. And be urged. And the next year it would be much the same. In the military argot, R.H.I.P. . . . Rank Has Its Privileges. Was it more of a privilege for Arturo Toscanini to work for NBC than for NBC to have Toscanini conducting its orchestra? How much did NBC value him anyway? One never really knows. Certainly the author's description of the final all-Wagner concert is testimony at the bar:

> Toscanini's stick wavered and began to describe unintelligible motions. The orchestra, suddenly frightened, followed for a few bars, through habit, their Maestro's curious unrelated gestures. Then, instinctively assuming direction, the men tried desperately to coalesce and reach the end in unity, though without the finesse of leadership. The attempt, beset by self-consciousness and fear, was a failure. In the soft cacophony that ensued the Maestro ceased conducting and put his hands to his eyes. The men stopped playing and the house was engulfed in a terrible silence. Perhaps only thirty seconds passed, but it was like a year. Then the Maestro, like a Tannhäuser banishing with a gesture the miasma of the Venusberg, straightened up, lifted his baton for a powerful downbeat, and swung the men into the "Meistersinger" Prelude.

The only flaw in this affecting description is that it simply isn't true.

COCKNEY FROM THE GREAT PLAINS: The spry little fellow shown in the picture at the left is a prairie dog. But he is no ordinary prairie dog. Two years ago he starred in a Walt Disney film and this year he has become an important character in one of 1956's most handsomely made volumes. The book, like the movie, is entitled **"The Vanishing Prairie"** (Simon & Schuster, $10). Other important characters include two handsome mountain rams seen battling over a ewe, a mother bison who is seen giving birth to a baby bison, and a host of swimming and flying ducks, stately elk, and burrowing owls. Most of these are shown in sequence of their own activities which may very well form the best collection of colored photographs of animal life to be found in book form. But it is the prairie dog who really gets around in Mr. Disney's book. In colored photographs and a few drawings which were prepared for the volume in Switzerland, where the book was printed, the prairie dog battles a coyote (and manages to get safely to his burrow while the outwitted coyote cries in rage and disappointment), eludes the talons of a hungry falcon-hawk, and nuzzles up curiously to a brood of young owls, apparently enjoying his adventures to the fullest. Clearly, Louis Bromfield, who has provided the text for the book, has also enjoyed these doings. For of the prairie dog Mr. Bromfield has written, "The prairie dog is for me the Cockney, right off the streets of London. Like the Cockney, the prairie dog is gregarious, pugnacious, witty, and comic. . . . He likes gossiping with his neighbors. He is an excellent pantomimist and even indulges in satire. There is a perkiness, a jerkiness, about him that belongs not so much to the philosopher, enjoying the solitude which gives him time for reflection, as to the pragmatist who has derived his wisdom, his fighting tactics, his gaiety from experience among his fellows. . . . If he lacks the dignity of mountain sheep, the grace of mountain lion, or the beauty of the deer and the antelope, he makes up for it all by his comic charm and his unsuspected courage and endurance."

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It is, actually, a traumatic experience which Chotzinoff believes to have happened, but which didn't. He was, by his own description in the control booth. I was in the hall. At a certain point Toscanini's concentration did fail—nineteen minutes, plus, after the beginning of the work—and the orchestra was at loose ends for a few *measures*. But the searching memory seized the next link and the performance went on, with no actual interruption of any kind in the hall itself.

WHAT happened, of course—as millions listening to the broadcast can attest, though Chotzinoff fails to mention it—is that the nervous "team" in the control booth interpreted the minor distress as major. Ben Grauer announced a "temporary interruption" for "operational reasons" and Guido Cantelli, as musical director (or so I was told at the time), pressed a button which flooded the air, for thirty seconds, with the incongruous pulsations of Brahms (the stormy opening of the first symphony). Suddenly these died out, and the "air" returned to Carnegie Hall, to the performance of the "Tannhäuser" music in progress and in complete order. It went on, indeed, for five minutes and twenty seconds. At its appointed end there was no "terrible silence" but a stormy burst of applause as Grauer read his commercials, and the way was prepared for the "Meistersinger" overture.

Who, then, had the "miasma," Chotzinoff or Toscanini? Where *was* Chotzinoff? I am not relying on memory for this data—as the author apparently is—but from a recording made off the air at the time. No one in the hall knew there was a "crisis" until later. Only the most attentive ear noticed something at fault. Perhaps Chotzinoff was otherwise engaged after the disastrous intrusion of the "standby" program. But he might have checked.

I do not propose that this inaccurate reporting of the key incident by which Toscanini's relationship with NBC is ground under foot is malicious or malign: I cite it simply to suggest that the author's original enthusiasm for his subject and the musical works he could conjure into glowing reality had been transformed into another enthusiasm for another kind of reality. In holding up the mirror to Toscanini Chotzinoff has also held it up to himself. There are cracks and flaws on both sides. But the "Intimate Portrait" presented by Chotzinoff shows much more about the unequal word-painter than it does about the unequaled subject.

Chores with Robert Frost

By Morgan Bulkeley

WE LEFT the party and the literati
For quiet at the Homer Noble Farm,
Walking the shadow where wild cherry stood
Along the grassy road now "closed for good."
The two pursuing terriers scared a charm
Of goldfinch from the scattering of seeds
That would become your next-year-garden weeds.
We reached your mountain house, once built to rent
By Homer Noble in the upper mowing:
It had been his obvious intent
To get the value from the Vermont scenery
As he had taken milk from meadow greenery,
And all without the extra work of growing.

We talked in farmers' terms of outdoor things,
Of summer's once-cut hay and dried-up springs.
You told history I had never known
Of Massachusetts' smallest town, my own:
How poet-farmer Goodale caught a rattler
For Holmes when he was writing "Elsie Venner."
You spoke about an enterprising neighbor
Who spent his only lifetime at hard labor,
Clearing land and sinking granite boulders
As broad across as his two oxens' shoulders
Below the level of the plow points search;
And now his fields were overrun with birch.
I thought of lines where birches bow and sway,
Of all the "pebbles" you had lodged to stay,
And saw on a stack of books upon the floor
Some heavy-inked lines across white paper
As rugged and shaggy as their shaper,
Progressing "from delight to wisdom" more
Rapidly in fourteen lines or less
Than most would in a lifetime of success.

At choretime we went to bring the horses in.
Sun's last light glanced and splintered on white hair
As you walked down its horizontal stair
Into the gold-illumined dustiness of barn,
Leading a glossy jet-black Morgan horse
That looked for all the glow like Pegasus.
I closed the wrong stall door. The horses milled
In starts and wheeled bewildered. Oats were spilled.
"Things are confused," you said; and this I knew
Was the humble way of saying chores
Are best performed alone like poems and prayers.

After a dinner of Ma Jenks's chicken stew,
You walked the road with me a rise or two,
As always going further than expected;
In August dusk, a handshake and goodbye.
I turned once, watching a firefly,
And saw the moonlight in white hair reflected.

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The Passion for Complications

OF ALL the conversation-stoppers, none has more reverse spin or stalling authority than the cool observation that it is wise not to oversimplify a matter that is quite, quite complicated.

Are you concerned, for example, about the fact that the United States is losing ground to Communism on the moral front because we have yet to get through to the peoples of Asia and Africa on the one issue that concerns them most—freedom from outside rule? If so, don't let the matter excite you; it's extremely complex. Do you think that the good things we do in Asia are missing fire because we have stammered and stuttered on the question of colonialism and imperialism when we should have been boldly reciting our own Declaration of Independence? If so, please calm down; this entire problem is much more intricate than it might seem.

Are you troubled because we have taken ten billion dollars worth of food surplus and placed it in storage bins where it is rotting at a cost of two million dollars each day? Apart from the taxes you have to pay for the sanctioned spoilage, does it bother you that the underfed half of the world's people may feel a moral issue is involved? Are you apprehensive about the fact that not everyone in the world may be as sophisticated as we are about the higher economics that makes the problem so thorny? If so, don't let yourself be carried away; giving excess food to hungry people is not really as simple as it sounds.

Does it bother you that the age of the guided missile has begun and that, before long, according to the experts, the Soviet Union and the United States will be some twenty minutes apart? Do you feel that a runaway nuclear armaments race requires serious thought at a time of mushrooming tensions? Does the fact that one bomb today packages thirty times more explosive power than all the bombs dropped in the last war combined—does this fact mean anything in terms of the kind of world controls that may be mandatory if your plans for the future are not to be farcical? Before you decide to do anything about any of this, please bear in mind that these questions are endlessly difficult; in fact, the most complicated questions of all.

WE ARE not making a burlesque of the large and grim issues that stare at the nation. Quite literally, there is a disposition these days to get out from under the weight of living history by taking refuge in the complexities. The very difficulty of a problem thus becomes an easy out. A solemn pronouncement on the danger of oversimplification apparently resolves the discussion, if not the question.

The problems themselves thrive in such an atmosphere. Indeed, this is their natural habitat. Given the forced-feeding of ponderous inattention, they get bigger and more complicated all the time. At some point, however, they reach a certain size and no amount of studied delay can keep them from their final eruption.

The U.S. has sidestepped the dominant question in Asia and Africa because of the difficulties involved in our relationship with our allies in Europe. But the cause of freedom in the West cannot be separated from the cause of freedom in the East. If Communism succeeds in its efforts to pose as the champion of the majority of the world's peoples in their determination to tear themselves loose from outside rule and to maintain that freedom, then this development by itself could unhinge Europe as well. It is unreasonable to believe that the shock waves of upheaval can be confined to the larger part of the Eurasian land mass. This makes it important to see through the complexities to the grand moral simplicities which inevitably coincide with our ultimate best interests; and if they don't, then it would be useful to find out why.

As for the surplus food problem, it is undoubtedly true that there are complications with respect to world markets, price structures, etc., etc. But this problem is as nothing compared to the complications that will confront us on the level of world public opinion if we allow cold figures to become sovereign. People who are hungry think in terms of straight lines. Unless we can define the straight line from the food we do not need to the mouths that need it, we cannot blame people if they place their hopes elsewhere. Here, too, there is a massive simplicity which no amount of intricate argumentation can overcome.

Finally, no one can deny that the most difficult and complicated problem of all time has to do with the creation of effective law binding on nations. For the intercontinental ballistic missiles with their hydrogen-headed explosives cannot be brought under control except as part of an overall attack on war and the causes of war.

No one can say that this problem is too difficult to handle because no one has really tried. When the equivalent amount of intelligence, ingenuity, resourcefulness, and combined energies that have gone into creating the civilization-smashing weapons—when this equivalent is put into the search for peace, we will earn the right to assess the nature of the complications, but not before. The continuing simplicity here that cannot be overlooked is that world peace is impossible without world law. And before world law can be achieved, it will have to be advocated. Inspired advocacy on this level is where true security begins.

Can anyone imagine what would have happened to the world if Winston Churchill in 1940 had counseled the British people against prompt, resolute measures because the problem was very, very difficult and very, very complex? Courage and the clear view have simplifying powers of their own.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STRONGER THAN DEATH

"STRONGER IS MUSIC THAN DEATH"—these words of the late Franz Werfel are words I live by. To me music is more than song, notes, instruments, orchestras. It is the beauty of men reaching out to comfort each other as they struggle against a common fate. I think of the heroic struggle of man against cancer, the disease that every two minutes strikes down another victim. What can we do, we who escape? Through its great research, service, and education programs the American Cancer Society gives us an opportunity to help save others and comfort the distressed. By giving generously to the cancer crusade we reach out to other human souls—we do, in fact, take part in that great symphony of people of all colors, races, creeds helping each other. To me this is music, the greatest joy on earth.

MARIAN ANDERSON.

Danbury, Conn.

THE NEW ORDEAL

IN HIS PLEA FOR MODERATION ["The New Ordeal," *SR* Feb. 25] N. C. gives the sanguine but inaccurate picture of a South reforming. Does he really believe that the recent threats to use all means to impede implementation of the Supreme Court decision that have resounded across the Mason-Dixon Line are generated by only a few politicians who "have interposed themselves against the law?" These men whose actions, it is implied, are not representative of their constituents' views have been elected for terms mounting to decades. In no other part of our country have elections been (at least numerically) so directly the expressed will of the (white) electorate.

Discrimination is practised in Northern cities, too, says N. C. Irrelevant! No doubt many Northerners don't want to associate with Negros. But the question is not how to encourage the Dixiecrat to look kindly upon his Negro neighbor, but to prevent him from depriving his Negro fellow citizen of civil liberties *and*, often, personal safety. (Or do you think that crosses are no longer burned; that the Klu Klux Klan has mothballed its ghostly masks?) The immediate goal is not modification of national attitudes: the keynote then would be moderation, understanding. But this is a question of the enforcement of law and protection of minority rights. There is no room for moderation here; there must be swift and vigorous justice.

THOMAS KAHN.

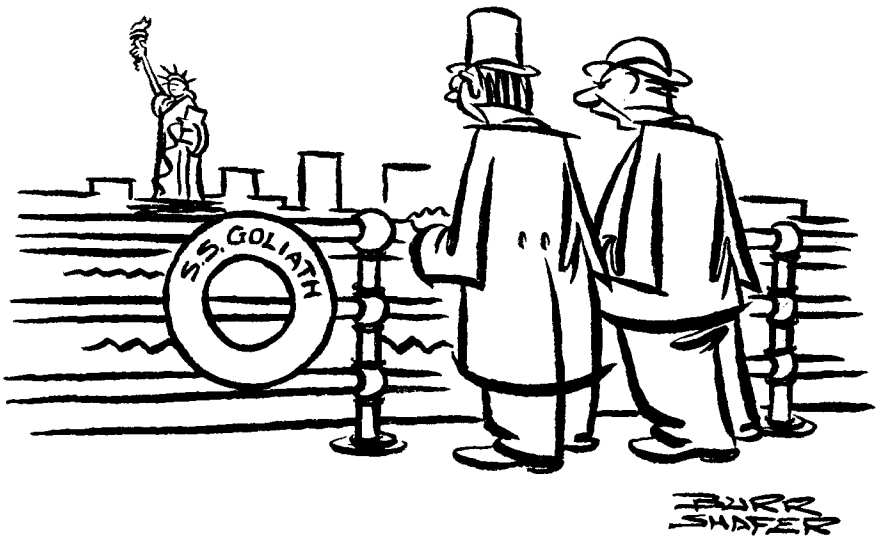
Brooklyn, N. Y.

IN DEFENSE OF GRADUALISM

N. C.'s EDITORIAL "The New Ordeal" is one of the most wise, mature, and convincing defenses of gradualism—or rather I should say incitements to gradualism—I have ever read. This is the difficult thing for those who want toleration: how to make the middle of the road into an effective goal. Enthusiasm is the friend of action and the enemy of wisdom. Where then is the emotional drive toward wisdom to be found? N. C., it seems to me, has done as well toward obliterating that contradiction as man can do.

EDWIN G. BORING.

Cambridge, Mass.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Well, *I* came because I couldn't understand that pound-shilling-pence business!"

THE GENERALS' MALADY

IN HIS VERY GOOD ARTICLE ON THE hardened arteries of military thinking ["Military Strategy *vs.* Common Sense," *SR* Mar. 3] B. H. Liddell Hart has revealed weaknesses in strategy of a kind that some of us have long known and fought in the military's misunderstanding of its domestic responsibilities. We now wonder whether generals qualify for our trust in matters of war and potential war, but the record is clear that they are chronically deficient even in dealing with the social and economic aspects of watershed management. They have constructed an immense empire around the "development" of the nation's rivers narrowly confined to engineering. Where planning has been imperative for our future there have been shotgun weddings with the Bureau of Reclamation; where tact was needed they have jockeyed Indians off their lands; where leadership and cooperation were required for multiple-use land-planning they have "controlled" floods with reservoirs that destroyed values greater than those protected. Engineering by itself has failed to control floods. To conservationists the generals' arrogance, log-rolling, and shameless "public-relations" have appeared the outer vestment of in-bred specialization, lack of education, and power-seeking.

Liddell Hart's article is prefaced by the question "What interests are worth dying for?" We might ask "Whose interest do we live for; what kind of land do we want to live in?" Our largest investment in the land is now an annual multi-million dollar budget dispensed by a kind of construction-minded Santa Claus.

New sources of power lie before us, new possibilities for increasing yields on natural farm lands, new needs for park and wilderness recreation by a growing population, new upland techniques for holding water on the land; all are a foreign language to our Army Engineers. The cost to the public of additional irrigation and of maintaining navigation on the Missouri and the Mississippi Rivers is a bitter joke compared to the returns. If the generals' strategy to survive in the world of the bomb is an acute failure, their lack of depth in land planning may be considered a chronic form of the same malady.

PAUL SHEPARD.

Galesburg, Ill.

CHARLESTON, *WEST VIRGINIA*

ARE NOT THE MEMBERS OF YOUR STAFF aware of the fact that there is a State in the Great Forty-eight known as *West Virginia*? And a city in this State known as Charleston? In the article "The Search for Bridey Murphy," by Siegfried Mandel [*SR* Mar. 10], we read, "In Charleston, S. C., the Gazette ran seven instalments of 'Bridey'." This was not Charleston, South Carolina, but Charleston, West Virginia, and I might add that Charleston is the capital city of West Virginia.

Y. CAVENDER.

Charleston, W. Va.

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The Off-Broadway Jungle

THERE is a recurring nightmare that comes to a drama critic. Like a figure out of Kafka, he finds himself mysteriously summoned by mimeographed notices and persistent phone calls to an address far from the normal location of theatres. After much inquiry and an ominous and interminable walk, through some singularly empty and poorly lit streets, he arrives at a building which gives no outward sign of being a theatre. Dubiously he makes his way up several flights of rickety stairs until in a state of semi-exhaustion he achieves the top landing. There he is met by a group of studious-looking individuals who make a great fuss about finding the ticket reserved in his name. After much difficulty—his name of course has been misspelled—the ticket is found and carefully stamped "COMPLIMENTARY." Then, as they whisper uncomplimentary but painfully true remarks about the critic's past peccadilloes, he hands the ticket to a strange-looking girl who hands him an equally strange-looking program filled not only with names he does not recognize but with biographies referring to productions with which he is unfamiliar. Apprehensively he enters a room at one end of which stands an improvised stage. In front of this stage has been placed a solitary hard wooden chair. It is his for eternity.

While this nightmare is never really duplicated in our conscious experiences, off-Broadway theatregoing can be frighteningly similar. Two new off-Broadway theatres that locate themselves in walk-up buildings are The Open Stage at 15 Second Avenue, where Brecht's **"The Private Life of the Master Race"** is being presented, and The Pantomime Art Theatre at 122 Second Avenue, where Ashley Duke's expurgated version of Machiavelli's **"Mandragola"** had a short run. The former unrolls a series of scattered scenes, each demonstrating some of the weaknesses of the Nazi regime and some of the tragic consequences of trying to live under it. Now that the world is concerned with other issues the play becomes a faded theatrical curiosity.

All off-Broadway playhouses are not upstairs. The Actor's Playhouse at 100 Seventh Avenue South is down a couple of flights, which is somehow more satisfactory than the reverse. The current presentation, Leonid Andreyev's **"He Who Gets Slapped,"** is a good preparation for those who will be seeing "Waiting for Godot" next month. Its magical circus setting is obviously the world in miniature, and the mysterious gentleman who becomes a clown named "He" seems to be a God-Satan in much the same way as Max Pabst in Barry's "Here Come the Clowns." Robert Culp is tremendously vital in the first act when he plays the intruding gentleman, and somewhat less exciting after he has become the clown. While the other performances are not exceptional, "He Who Gets Slapped" is full of the stuff of dreamy mystical theatre.

Farther uptown, in the chapel of the Broadway Congregational Church (at street level), Robert Ardrey's **"Thunder Rock"** is being revived as "an argument for faith in the Atomic Age." The seventeen-year-old play about a cynical young lighthouse-keeper who feels the world's problems are insoluble has benefited from being shortened, so that it can fit into the one-hour-and-a-half allotted to it every Sunday afternoon at five, and from its non-scenery-burdened presentation. Also the Atomic Age has increased the challenge to mankind to live as if the future existed, which makes the playwright's point of view more courageous.

However, Mr. Ardrey's play, for all its facing of the largest issue of our age and its adroit use of Pirandelloish imagination, still tends to melt into Land O' Lakes Butter after the lighthouse-keeper has stopped being cynical and the affirmative aspects take over. Best in the cast is Don McHenry as the Scottish Captain Joshua. His quiet and incisive comments offset the overlyrical approach of some of the other members of the company. Affirmation in this perilous time is the quiet angry yelp of the soul and not the hollow blast of self-righteousness and optimism. —HENRY HEWES.

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Opera Week at the Movies

ONE NIGHT a few weeks ago, in a New York office building that houses several small projection rooms, it was possible to choose between two previews of Mozart's **"Don Giovanni."** On the ninth floor was a three-hour presentation filmed on the stage of the Salzburg Opera; on the fourth floor an abbreviated version featuring stars of the Vienna Opera. A few days later, on the fourth floor again, an Italo-Japanese version of Puccini's **"Madame Butterfly"** was run off—Italian singers, Japanese cast. The same afternoon Warner Brothers previewed Mario Lanza in **"Serenade,"** the story of an opera singer all but ruined by his nymphomaniacal patroness, his gloomy progress punctuated by half a dozen operatic arias. Around the corner a sumptuous Russian production of **"Boris Goudonov"** had just begun its run. The week concluded with an Italian-made tribute to **"The House of Ricordi,"** the publishers of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, and Puccini —and illustrated, of course, with generous excerpts from the works of each.

I found myself wondering, at the conclusion of this musical binge, not only at the sudden profusion of operatic films but also at the curiously unsatisfactory esthetic experience that seeing an opera in the movies provides. It is not merely a matter of the recording—several of the casts and most of the recording jobs were first-rate. But without questioning the value of having some visual transcript of these works to present where "live" opera companies could hardly afford to tread (which is one reason why the Russians and Italians make so many of them) the pleasure of hearing the music is too often negated by visuals that are striving to be "cinematic." The conventions of the movie and the conventions of the opera stage are poles apart, and this week's pictures have all but convinced me that never the twain shall meet. At least not in conventional grand opera.

The two "Don Giovannis" seem to set the extremes. In the Salzburg version there is no attempt to conceal the fact that it is a stage production. The camera does some zooming around, there are close-ups and long-shots, but primarily it is a stage event —and without the electricity of the singers' presence, without the sense of participating in a one-time happening, a very boring event it soon becomes. It has little merit beyond preserving the entire opera as conducted by the late Wilhelm Furtwängler and sung by Lisa Della Casa, Erna Berger, and Cesare Siepi. The Viennese "Giovanni," on the other hand (presented as "Don Juan" to avoid confusion), attempts an adaptation, racing the camera through crowded streets, down palace corridors and great flights of stairs, trying to impose on arias and set pieces some of the movement, some of the action commonly associated with the motion-picture form. But the opera resists. The Don must climb to Donna Anna's chamber singing away at the top of his voice while the crowds below find nothing amiss. When, at the finale, the flames mount higher about the doomed Don Giovanni he sings an aria instead of running for his life. At the Met one accepts these as conventions and limitations of the stage. In the film one cannot, simply because they are limitations that the motion picture has its own ways of surmounting. Neither version, it should be noted, has been particularly well recorded; the Vienna group, however, with Alfred Poell as the Don and Annie Felbermayer singing beautifully as both Zerlina and Donna Anna at least has the advantage of consistent sound levels.

This is possible because "Don Juan" —like "Madame Butterfly" and the operatic excerpts included in "House of Ricordi"—share the growing tendency to use joint casts, one to act and one to sing the roles. (Remember Robert Helpmann's magnificent "baritone" in "Tales of Hoffman"?) Since most musical numbers are prerecorded anyway, the performers on the screen matching their lips to arias recorded under the optimum conditions of a sound stage, there is no good reason why this matching should not be done by more accomplished—or more decorative—actors. This technique works out especially well in the case of "Butterfly," where Orietta Moscucci and Anna Maria Canali sing gloriously as Cio-Cio-San and Suzuki, while the roles are enacted by a skilled troupe of Japanese players. Once one recovers from the initial shock of hearing flawless Italian pour from Oriental lips the effect is quite agreeable—especially with such a charming Butterfly as Kaoru Yachigusa and such an able Goro as

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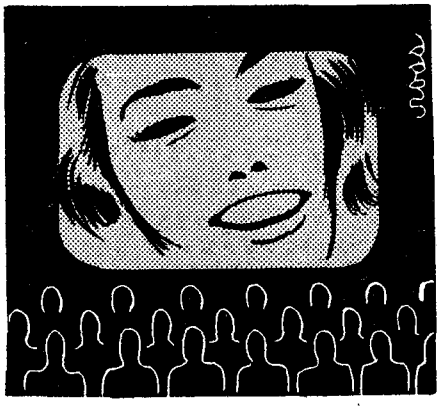
Kiyoshi Takagi (voice by Paolo Caroli). Carmine Gallone, the veteran director of Italian opera films, has struck a fairly happy medium between the two "Giovannis" by presenting this opera neither as merely a stage work nor forcing onto it an overly "cinematic" treatment: his camera is discreetly functional. And yet, as aria followed aria, I noted with some dismay that I felt no desire to applaud, no desire to check the flow of the story to savor a particularly exquisite moment of music. It was, in short, an experience far removed from enjoying opera in the theatre.

If any opera should lend itself to filming Moussorgsky's "Boris Goudonov" would seem to be it, not only because of the opulence of its settings, its huge choruses and abundance of plot, but more importantly because its music advances the dramatic story with a minimum of arias. In preparing this screen version the Russians have taken full advantage of the camera's ability to open out the action, to bring in crowds of singers (and show in the process the faces of the people of Russia that Moussorgsky was writing about), to use real palaces, forests, and fields. As a result, the film looks at times very much like Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky," with the resonant lines being sung instead of declaimed. And yet, for all the felicities of camera movement, color, and pageantry—and excellent performances by the singers of the Bolshoi Opera—that went into the making of this film, such sequences as the Garden Duet and the Mad Scene remind one forcibly of their theatrical origin and of the static, artificial nature of opera itself.

Perhaps the best way to handle opera on film is that used in "House of Ricordi" and "Serenade," where no attempt is made to conceal the stage, where the singers have all been very skilfully pre-recorded, but where the scenes are merely musical interludes in a movie story. I don't really know. Clearly, there are many ways to film opera—but I have yet to see an opera *film*. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.



TV AND RADIO

Sixty Per Cent Entertainment

ANY man named Robert E. Lee can be expected to champion lost causes, but the one on the FCC has gone positively romantic. He imagines he can inflame the American people by saying that over a considerable period of time checked by him the average TV hour consisted of more than 40 per cent commercials, less than 60 per cent entertainment.

During the past few weeks I have made some notes on the 60 per cent.

• • The sweetest, most disarming comedian on the air is Jimmy Durante, and at least once out of three times he appears on what someone certainly called "a great idea for a show." What? Well, there'll be a mix-up and Jimmy and Charles Laughton will be scheduled for appearances at Town Hall *at the same time*!

Laughton first appeared in a hotel room, making tea by taking a tea-bag which he wore round his neck and replacing it under his pajama-top after he had dipped it. To cue in the later mixup, Jimmy was assigned the same room and shared the bed. He had, he said, "insomniosis." He counted sheep—and was as enchanting as ever. Then the reading at Town Hall ("a dilemmnia," Jimmy calls the situation). Laughton read "The Psalm of Life" (in part) and Jimmy recited "Hickory, Dickory, Dock."

After a few more bits a neighbor of mine came in and the rest was blessed silence.

• • Jack Benny is the most skilful comedian on the air and two out of three times, at least, there is no "good idea for a show" (except the one about letting Benny do his stuff) and the shows are good. Around Lincoln's Birthday he said Lincoln was his kind of guy—walked twelve miles to escape a three-cent fine on a library book. He also celebrated his own birth, thirty-nine years ago: when the doctor slapped him he was arrested for assault. The gags were all there, all old, all easy.

The big scene was with Frances (Mrs. Edgar) Bergen, with whom Benny rehearsed a love-scene, imitating William Holden, who was in the audience. While Benny embraced her she kept looking at Holden, then Holden came up and showed Benny how and Benny observed the limp arm of ecstasy and took an eyepiece to examine the diamond ring on her hand, taking it off her finger while she was rapt in romance—but she got it back. More than apathetically acceptable—really attractive.

• • Bob Hope is the most irritating comedian on the air and his appearances are infrequent. He kinescoped a big show in London before an English audience, and there were huge laughs and wild applause at the mention, humorous to be sure, of Senator McCarthy. As in many other recent cases, I was more oppressed at the thought that the laughter was spontaneous than by the suspicion it was canned. There was British applause, too, when Hope said something about Cleveland needing good pitchers!

Fernandel was the big-name guest. He felt Hope's nose to make sure it was real. After a parody of the usual flattering remarks Fernandel asked for his fee. "Back to the Marshall Plan," said Hope. It wasn't any funnier when you saw it.

• • Sam Levinson said "a genius is a stupid kid with very happy grandparents," which is good and reminds me of the New England definition "A lad is a boy with a man's hand on his head." Then he made a lot of jokes about progressive education: "Look how nice he holds the hammer."

Memo to all TV comics (and others): more than 90 per cent of all the illiterate and the un-educated come from non-progressive schools.

• • Ethel and Albert are wonderful. They used a running gag in a recent show. Albert, digging a hole to plant a spruce tree, finds what is taken for an Aztec head. Unheard of in this locality, scientists appear, broadcasts are made, Albert swells in importance—until the head is identified as a copy.

But right from the start Ethel said it was too late to plant the spruce—the ground was frozen. And from the children who come to see the head, through the local scientists, and up to the head of the Museum of Natural History this theme bubbles up, as naturally and spontaneously as gags do in a really well-written script.

• • The greatest break broadcasters ever had was when critics began to concentrate their fire on the commercials. It's the other 60 per cent that's important. —GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Aksel Schiøtz, Operatic Matters, Mozart

AFTER an eight-year absence Aksel Schiøtz faced a New York audience again lately in a recital sponsored by the American-Scandinavian Foundation in the Theresa Kaufmann Auditorium of the 92nd Street YMHA. Now billed as a baritone, the man who had made some remarkably fine records as a tenor, prior to an affliction which required delicate brain surgery, was on a short tour between teaching duties in the Midwest.

Schiøtz was greeted by warm applause from an audience that nearly filled the auditorium and was plainly disposed in the singer's behalf. They responded with enthusiasm to his singing of the taxing Handel cantata "Cuopre tal volta il cielo" and Schumann's "Dichterliebe." Both were delivered with a rigorous attention to musical detail and a high degree of artistic conscience, despite the obvious limitations of range and facility which now impose decided barriers between his mental impulses and the physical capacity to realize them.

The new status as "baritone" has not greatly altered the recently characteristic sound of the Schiøtz voice, which is rather whitish and not possessed of any great resonance. What it has provided is the option of moving the music around to suit, in a given instance, the range in which he feels comfortable. Thus, in the "Dichterliebe" the tessitura was prevailingly that noted for "low voice"; but he did not hesitate to transpose higher or lower those songs which posed special problems. In consequence, the artifices and real eloquence he brought to the matchless cycle produced some warming moments of artistic fulfilment and many others in which the attention was absorbed by the human drama being enacted on the stage rather than by the poetic drama in the creation itself. The response of the audience indicated its concern for the personal problem with which it was confronted, though the larger problems of artistic justice either hung in the balance or were ignored. The uncompromising program included, also, the "Four Serious Songs" of Brahms and a concluding group drawn from Grieg, Bellman, and Nielsen. Paul Ulanowsky's accompaniments were not what one expected of this experienced performer either in dynamics, phrasing, or subtlety. Perhaps he was putting out too much in an effort to cover up the shortcomings of his associate, but the results were not very much to his credit.

Hanging in the inner reaches of the Metropolitan Opera these days is a parchment (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) proclaiming the period March 11-18 as "National Opera Week." In view of some recent happenings there it is time that someone organize, more appropriately, a "Be Kind to Verdi Week." Those happenings were, sequentially, a "Trovatore" on a Monday night and a "Rigoletto" on a following Wednesday which may not have been the worst that has happened to Verdi hereabouts in five years or so but will stand as such until someone with a better memory than mine documents the charge.

The "Trovatore" suffered from the misguided impression in some quarters that Gino Penno, on that night, was a tenor capable of singing Manrico in decent order. To be sure, he has but recently arrived from Italy and the flight caused him to miss a previous performance. But those who put him on should know whether he was in voice or not, especially when surrounded by such vocal heavyweights as Leonard Warren and Zinka Milanov.

AS IF this were not enough for one seven-day span, the "Rigoletto" two days later provided two performers new to theatre in their principal roles —Ettore Bastianini as Rigoletto and Dolores Wilson as Gilda—plus Eugene Conley as the Duke. Both Bastianini and Miss Wilson have missed performances of late due to vocal maladies, which may account for the consistently off-pitch singing of the former in "Pari siamo" and the duet with Gilda in Act II. Miss Wilson held the vocal fort bravely for a while, showing a good sense of the conventions of the part, plus a broader vocal line than most Gildas can manage. But it was ill-advised of her to attempt the *unwritten* top E at the end of "Caro nome," which she touched, glancingly, and then released with a gasp. It marred what was otherwise a promising effort.

Some forty musicians from Austria traveling under the name of the Mozarteum Orchestra from Salzburg dropped off a program of the Master's music at an American debut in Carnegie Hall, enroute to a tour which will keep them busy until late April, when they return to take part in Columbia University's observance of the festival year. With them came Emmy Loose, a soprano of more than passing repute from Vienna, and, as conductor, Ernst Maerzendorfer. Ralph Herbert, formerly of Vienna and now of the Metropolitan Opera, also participated.

Though the previous work of the Mozarteum Orchestra achieved no notably high level, this group, apparently recruited for the winter festival (see *SR* Feb. 25) and the American tour is a first-class example of Austrian string and wind playing. Maerzendorfer did not show any superior attributes (save modesty and lack of pretense) in his direction of the D major (K. 205) Divertimento, but his support of Herbert in airs from "Figaro" ("Non piu andrai") and "Cosi" ("Donne mie") and Miss Loose ("Una donna" from the same opera and the concert aria "Voi avete un cor fedele") was full of spirit and good accentuation.

The latter was better suited to Miss Loose and her vocal style than the "Cosi" air which, though musically sung, asks more vivaciousness than she provided. However, the concert air—a rondoish sequence of tender and brilliant, slow and fast, cantabile and fioritura—came off very well. As those acquainted with her work on records are aware, Miss Loose has a suave, bright voice of not too much body. In this concert air it seems to be tending towards more breadth of style than ordinarily associated with her. It is, certainly, an appealing work of decided musical interest (K. 217). Miss Loose was warmly applauded for her performance, as Herbert was too. The shortish program began with the "Idomeneo" overture and ended with the C major (No. 36, "Linz") symphony.

AS A summation of his Mozartian observances, Bruno Walter offered a performance of the great "Requiem" with the Philharmonic-Symphony which was more eloquent in intentions than in execution. Much of it proceeded with certainty and a proper sense of Mozartian proportions, but the tempo changes were sometimes more abrupt than desirable, the more dramatic, energetic passages indicative of physical strain rather than unburdened musical impulse. In the rather ill-assorted quartet Irmgard Seefried, soprano, and Leopold Simoneau, tenor, performed with true comprehension of the requirements of their parts, Jennie Tourel with a good quota of experience but rather limited vocal sound, and William Warfield with sound not heavy enough. The Westminster Choir (rather sizable for the circumstances) assisted.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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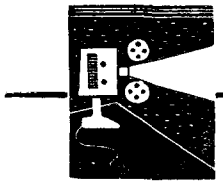

IDEAS ON FILM

More Problem Films

THE big problem about "problem" films now, as always, is how to keep the audience awake and interested. Preaching in films is as difficult as preaching from the pulpit—and in the case of films the sponsorship is considerably less inspiring. At the other extreme, the dramatized story-film has developed marvelous techniques for attracting and holding attention; but too often this must be done at the cost of distorting reality. The mere optimist, the man of good will, the public educator must seek a happy combination of the best of these two approaches if he is to create and hold a motion-picture audience of his own. Again this month we review some of the more interesting recent 16mm efforts to bring the artificialities of moving pictures closer and closer to the realities and aspirations of human life. There is still considerable ground to be covered.

"FOOD AND PEOPLE." One of this decade's strongest motion-picture statements is this twenty-five-minute production by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. Taking up where Paul Rotha's "World of Plenty" and "The World Is Rich" left off, the film depicts deprivation and famine as it exists today. The film pulls no punches, nor is it without practical solutions. New methods of cultivating land and sea give hope for increased production at a rapid rate. Producer Charles Benton has organized his film material (mostly stock shots) and his ideas into an imaginative and impressive world picture. The facts are there; the emotional appeal is there. The challenge is what we will make of the future. Incidentally, I should not be at all surprised if a film of this kind were to influence the careers and activities of many young people. There is also a "one-world" feeling which few postwar films have shown—and even fewer American-made postwar films. "Food and People" is available for rental and purchase from Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 1125 Central Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois.

"ASSIGNMENT: CHILDREN." Another approach to similar world problems is seen in this twenty-minute color film made by Danny Kaye in tribute to the work of UNICEF. The touch is personal, and the mood is folksy. "Well, you see, there's this outfit named UNICEF," says narrator Kaye at the very beginning. What it lacks in depth it more than makes up in warmth. With Danny Kaye we visit a polio ward in Japan, a milk center in Korea, a clinic in Burma, and a kid called Sam who is cured of yaws practically before our eyes. For the people in any community who still need to be informed and convinced of the wonderful work of the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund this film is as sweetly coated as a bitter subject can be. You will almost forget that the miseries of these unfortunate children are really real. "Assignment: Children" is available without charge from Association Films, which maintains headquarters at 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY SERIES: In sharp contrast there is a new and charming series of films produced by Judith Crawley for McGraw-Hill Text-Films. **"Children's Play"** (27 min.) is an easygoing picture of the free-for-all activities that you'll find today's privileged youngsters involved in. There is a down-to-earth quality in these scenes of young children romping about, chasing each other, reading comics, playing house, and as they grow older taking a more serious role in sports and recreation. The photographic coverage is varied, and a particularly pleasing aspect of the film is the voice of the narrator. Only one important thing is lacking—a more inventive and complete use of sound effects to fill in this all-important aspect of the child's world. Nevertheless, the film will do a great deal to help adults remember the pleasures and pains of the child's play world.

"Children's Fantasy" (21 min.), a more intricate subject than that of the first film, is handled in a far less imaginative way. Two sets of parents sit around in a living room and discuss their ideas of why children sometimes show signs of uncontrollable fear and irrationality. Inserted sequences illustrate each parent's viewpoint, one of which is that of a trained psychologist. It all tends to be slow, inadequate, inconclusive, and, what is worse, unimportant.

"Sibling Rivalry and Personality" (22 min.) is a lively series of character vignettes showing how a number of boys and girls owe their distinguishing character traits to more or less accidental family reactions among brothers and sisters. At a backyard party the film singles out one after another—the vivacious girl, the timid boy, the show-off, the restrained, the uncertain, the too sure—none of them caricatures and all easy to relate to real-life acquaintances. The tone is pleasantly matter-of-fact, inviting thought rather than argument.

"Sibling Rivalries and Parents" (11 min.) shows how wise management can help children accept each other as friendly competitors for the love and attention they must seek. The film is charmingly enacted by a real-life family, the five Crawley children who have appeared in many of their parents' earlier films on child care. The laughter and tears in the family scenes have a quality far more intimate and appealing than would be likely in other circumstances.

All four of the films are available for purchase from McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West 42nd Street, New York 36, New York. For rentals consult nearby 16mm educational film libraries.

"LEARNING IS SEARCHING: A Third Grade Studies Man's Early Tools." This thirty-minute production is the thirteenth in the series of Studies of Normal Personality Development completed by the Department of Child Study at Vassar College. Photographed by Josef Bohmer at the New Lincoln School in New York City, the film presents as natural an analysis of a specific teaching method as has been reproduced on film. There is an unfortunate absence of sound effects and music, and at times an equally unfortunate abundance of narration. A most delightful sequence allows us to hear the children explaining some of the things they have learned about commonplace implements. The film was directed by Dr. L. Joseph Stone and is available for rental and purchase from the New York University Film Library, 26 Washington Place, New York 3, N.Y.

"STILL GOING PLACES: Active Management of Disability in the Aged." It is less than likely that you will have a chance to see George Stoney's latest film, unless you are a physician, nurse, therapist, or socialworker concerned with problems of physical disability in the aged. But if there is an immediate or impending old-age problem in your family this is a film well worth your time. As in Mr. Stoney's other films, there is here the honest drama of people facing problems and managing to go ahead. In this instance the people are aged hospitalized patients with varying degrees of disability. Medical specialists work to help them retain and regain as many active living skills as possible, rather than to keep them comfortable and quiet. The goal is to return the patient from the hospital to outside life. Once again Mr. Stoney demonstrates his special ability to combine the beauty and passion of living souls with the most up-to-date facts of scientific life. It runs forty minutes and is available from the Film Library, Pfizer Laboratories, 630 Flushing Avenue, Brooklyn 6, New York.

THE LONELY NIGHT. This fascinating feature-length film about the function of psychiatry in our modern world has recently been released for 16mm audiences, although the fact of its having been bandied about for some three or four years has removed some of the freshness from the occasion. The film is the most ambitious undertaking of the Mental Health Film Board, a group which has been responsible for many of our best documentary films on personal and family problems. "The Lonely Night" (62 min.) reenacts the basic relationship between a patient and a psychiatrist in analytical sessions; it fills in episodes of the patient's earlier life of isolation and anxiety, indicating reasons why she had cut herself away from ordinary relationships with other people. In contrast the film shows the more desirable everyday relationships that exist in a healthy family living in the same town.

Marian Seldes (daughter of *SR* TV critic Gilbert Seldes) plays the role of the young patient with remarkable penetration—so much so that you may even forget that she is acting. Considerable credit goes to Irving Jacoby for his writing and directing of many fine scenes in the film. But to Mr. Jacoby also falls the responsibility for many scenes which are too slow, too repetitive, and, worst of all, too wordy. The film takes us closer to the purpose and effects of analytical therapy than any motion picture has yet done. It will not be surprising if some viewers react in agitation. The unhappy part is that for every scene likely to disturb its audience there is another one that is just as likely to seem just plain tiresome. Sprinkled throughout the film, in the best scenes and the worst, are touches of Irving Jacoby's customary perception, sensitivity, sense of beauty, and search for integrity. What is lacking is a disciplined structure and an harmonious balance for these rare and wonderful ingredients. The film is available for rental and sales from the Mental Health Film Board, 166 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

"A FAMILY AFFAIR." Although it is more tightly organized, I found this film less moving than any that has yet been released in the Mental Health Film Board series. Made in cooperation with the Family Service Association of America, it uses dramatized story and actors to show the role of the trained family caseworker in restoring a family which faces complete disintegration. But the situations and dialogue sound more like soap-opera than mental health. The film is available from the Mental Health Film Board, address above.

"TO SERVE THE MIND." The National Film Board of Canada, which began the mental health film trend about ten years ago with its "Feelings of Rejection," has recently released its latest story-documentary on the subject. A physician suffers a severe breakdown, is taken to a psychiatric hospital (where we see actual scenes of the treatment given in such cases), and later returns to his former life and work—with a better understanding of the causes and effects of the ills that every individual is prey to. Directed and co-authored (with Roman Kroitor) by Stanley Jackson, the film is not so much spectacular as it is quietly convincing and moving. There are difficult moments in some of the solo scenes of the doctor in the course of his breakdown, but these are at least balanced well by competently factual scenes that take place in the hospital. The film is twenty-five minutes long and is available for purchase from McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.; rental prints are available from a number of 16mm educational film libraries, including Contemporary Films, at 13 East 37th Street, New York City, and the International Film Bureau, 57 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois.

"SOMEONE WHO CARES." The work of a volunteer recreation worker in a state mental institution is reviewed in this straightforward, unpolished, and somewhat disjointed film. Despite the slow pace and the serious handicap of a sound track which has neither sound effects nor actual sounds, the film is consistently interesting and at times very touching. "Someone Who Cares" (28 min.) was produced by Indiana University and is available for rental and purchase from its Audio-Visual Center, Bloomington, Indiana.

"PUMP TROUBLE." Heart disease has been making medical news for some years now, but recent facts and events put it high in the list of problems that concern most people today. This little UPA cartoon is designed to relieve some of the worry that symptomizes many anxious and hurried people today. Hardworking Mr. Pump goes to his doctor with what he knows is a bad heart (it turns out to be indigestion), and relates episodes which add up to a life of fear about heart trouble—an uncle "who went, just like that," a pampered and overprotected childhood, a hectic adult life, and finally "all the symptoms" of a bad heart. A series of medical examinations proves that the patient's fears just are not warranted, and the doctor's prescription is as simple and impossible as this: Stop worrying! The UPA treatment here will do more to put the worrier at ease than any doctor's words.

A considerable number of films on other aspects of heart disease has been released in the past year or two. Among them is George Stoney's "The Valiant Heart," a dramatic documentary about the treatment of rheumatic fever. Other productions deal with the nature of heart disease in general. Information about the availability of all these films can be obtained from the American Heart Association, 44 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

—CECILE STARR.

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Continued from page 22

but he is not prepared for Corfu, which, as Mr. King represents it, is more than glad that the English are no longer there. Here Patrick discovers that the manager of his wife's estate, Christo, had been her lover and that Christo's brother, who takes over the management when that one dies, embezzles shamelessly, and beats his children. In addition, he finds that he himself is loved in a sexual way by both of the new manager's children, a boy and a girl.

There is originality in Mr. King as a writer, but after one has hurried through and enjoyed "The Dark Glasses" one wonders what justification the publishers have for describing the novel as "brilliant" and Mr. King as "one of the best of the younger English novelists." As Somerset Maugham and others have made clear many times, undoubtedly children and adults in many non-English civilizations are very similar to what we inherently are and do much that we do not do but would like to do. I do not mean to suggest that "best" novelists should preach or teach, but I do believe that the best of the younger English novelists should and do imply that there is a moral order to the universe (which we can find) and though I prefer Mr. King's cool and competent naturalism to perfervidly moral distortion I do not think he is entitled (so far) to a place beside Newby, Amis, Krieger, and the other young English novelists who are his equals as entertainers and his superiors as seers.

—Harvey Curtis Webster.

THE BIRTH OF ISRAEL: Any writer runs a risk when he chooses a subject that demands greatness of execution. In **"Vanquish the Angel,"** by Diana and Meir Gillon (John Day, $3.50), it is a pair of writers who run this risk. For their subject is one of the greatest and the most demanding: the depiction of the Jewish people during one of their crucial, blinding moments of history. Consider a story which begins with the British mandate of Palestine, records the coming of the Jewish pioneers, describes the sporadic guerrilla warfare with the Arabs (and the harsh labor on the collective farms and the political wrangles), and then caps it all with the establishment of the state of Israel, the convergence of Arab forces upon Jerusalem, and the beginning of the long fight to throw these back. The very mention of these things is evocative so that the Gillons' novel cannot help glowing somewhat in re-

"Graham Greene's best work since 1940. It is a superb fiction."
—DONALD BARR, *Saturday Review*

"A tale of war, love, and political intrigue in and around contemporary Saigon . . . charged with the mystery and suspense of a whodunit . . . a continuously intriguing piece of storytelling."
— CHARLES ROLO, *The Atlantic*

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"As near a masterpiece as anything else I have ever read in the last twenty years."
— NANCY SPAIN, *London Daily Express*

"The best novel for many years . . . by one of the best living English novelists."
—DONAT O'DONNELL, *New Statesman and Nation*

"There are brilliant scenes of battle and an element of humour that is rare in Mr. Green's work . . . masterly, original, and vigorous."
— EVELYN WAUGH, *London Sunday Times*

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flected glory. But the glory is borrowed and it does not reside in the writing or in the characters of the story. These characters speak in dialogue which is plainly didactic and unlifelike and dramatically false, and the rest of the novel's material is set down in sketchy and tentative fashion as if it were the fore-image of a larger book yet to be written. This larger novel about the passion of the people of Israel will have to be larger in scope and feeling and character and power than is this one, for despite the authors' best intentions their presentation of it on a lesser scale is only disappointing. —NATHAN ROTHMAN.

YANKS IN BRITAIN: Reginald Arkell's **"The Miracle of Merriford"** (Reynal, $2.95) concerns the peacetime invasion of a rural English town by an American Air Force base. Well, you can bet that the locals don't much go for *that*, what with tearing up the mushroom field and all. As the old Vicar graciously tells the good-natured but somewhat oafish American C. O., "My dear fellow . . . with the very best intentions you are taking over our farms and destroying our hunting grounds. . . . You have replaced these happy scenes with a three-mile runway and you have made our nights hideous with your infernal machines." And the author shares with the Vicar a gentle titter at the picture of these coke-drinking clods intent on their "self-imposed task of making the world safe for democracy." But the cause of better Anglo-American relations is not lost. The Yanks may be noisy braggarts, but they have hearts of gold, and when (with apologies to John Hersey) they shore up the ancient bells of Merriford so that they will not plunge down from the decaying church steeple hands across the airfield are warmly joined. Add to this a $10,000 check to the church fund, from a Texan well-wisher who thinks the town is recovering from the Black Death, and the cup of amity indeed runneth over. As the maraschino to this yeasty confection, Mr. Arkell plops a gentle love affair between fun-loving Johnny Fedora, a soldier from Texas, and artless Mary, the Vicar's maid. It's a tender tale that will tug at your heartstrings and gently cause your gorge to rise.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

—From "The Miracle of Merriford."
". . . hands across the airfield."

NEW ORDER IN OLD ENGLAND: The construction of a giant steel mill in an English country town whose squire is dead-set against the old order changing can have more ramifications than any but the most alert sociologist might suppose. Around this situation Dudley Barker has built, in skilled, workmanlike fashion, a journeyman novel called **"This Green and Pleasant Lane"** (Holt, $3.95). While he populates his story will representative types rather than with individuals, Mr. Barker poses problems for them which are both numerous and knotty. In fact, what with at least three love triangles and a sabotage attempt, he sets so many plots to boiling that one wonders how he's going to be able to manage them all. But he does, in a more adult fashion than might be supposed, and resolves them into a modified happy ending which is enough like that grim abstraction called Life to seem fairly credible. It is what many would call, without intending any dispraise, a very readable story.

—JEROME STONE.

ALSO NOTED: "The Dice of God," by Hoffman Birney (Holt, $3.95), permits a variety of soldiers and a post-Civil War Army scout to report their experiences with Indians and women. The central military figure is modeled on Colonel ("Last Stand") Custer of Little Big Horn fame. Here, as in Hoffman's previous string of fiction including "Eagle in the Sun" and "Grim Journey," the emphasis is on muscular activity and vivid historical portraits. —S. P. MANSTEN.

"Breakaway," by Wally Depew (Sloane, $3.50), covers much of the Pacific in keeping up with the activities of free-lance American pilot Joe Vain, who sells his services to assorted smugglers. He is, however, salvageable material, as is discovered by a Philippine girl who trusts him with more than a young girl should. "Breakaway" is uneven: off the ground there are excellent flight scenes; on the ground the narrative is more than earthbound. —S. P. M.

"Tubie's Monument," by Peter Keveson (Dutton, $3.50), describes the odyssey in advertising of Joe Lavingo, a young butcher's helper from the Bronx, who is mesmerized into becoming the Liberace of the soup commercial. The Madison Avenue wizard who fabricates this odious marvel is a wild-eyed character called Tubie, who has discovered that his golem can improve the sales of Adama Soups 124 per cent, simply by talking about his dear old guitar-playing mother. Before Mr. Keveson has done with Tubie and Joe they have rocketed to the top of the TV advertising dodge (and inevitably down from it) allowing Mr. Keveson to make some acidly funny comments on how things get sold these days. —M. L.

"McGillicuddy McGotham," by Leonard Wibberly (Little, Brown, $3), is a little book about leprechauns, written by a bearded citizen whose idea of humor is calling a character "Mr. Cnitweitz" (get it?). It's a bit hard to fathom Mr. Wibberly's intentions. His book can't be a juvenile because the print is too fine. On the other hand, the author surely can't believe that his flat-footed fantasy about an elf at large in the United States (about which he should have done some homework) has any message for grownups. —M. L.

"The Package Deal," by Willis K. Ballard (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.50), provides another peep at the moral limbo that blurb writers knowingly refer to as "the TV racket." According to Mr. Ballard, who seems in a position to know, a shoestring television packaging outfit—like "Hecher Productions"—operates in a climate of intrigue that would have seemed homelike to the Borgias. Hecher is filming a series of crime films, but most of the genuine slaughter seems to be going on off camera. The battle of Mrs. Ballard's hero against all this moral turpitude makes a smoothly running novel with excitement and authority. —M. L.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1147)
JEAN B. SHOR:

AFTER YOU, MARCO POLO

I told myself that there are also accidents on eight-lane superhighways. But still, it was disconcerting to look down *through* the road, and see daylight. Koshan closed his eyes, prayed, and allowed his horse to worry. I tried just to concentrate on the scenery.

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FACTS FOR THE FIRESIDE

It's been a year since SR *took a look at what new the publishers have to offer for the home reference shelf. Julia Ruth Armstrong, who conducts our guided tour below, observes that it's been a rather good year, but without Everests. One of the few peaks is the first volume of the great "*Times *Atlas," the cost of which is so lofty most of us will be content to consult it at our public library (page 41). Another is the coming-of-age (one hundred) of the atlas-making house of Rand McNally (page 40).*

By JULIA RUTH ARMSTRONG,
head of the Donnell Reference Center of the New York Public Library.

TODAY'S apartment dweller—or denizen of a ranch house for that matter—is not inclined to supply himself with all the reference books that he will need for his work, for his hobbies, or for his merely inquisitive moments. He has come to count on his public library for the more expensive reference tools that he must consult occasionally or even frequently; for the large sets which take up precious space; to meet the wide range of subject interests which only a sizable collection can satisfy; and to stock the annuals that are so important for the latest statistics, changes in personnel, and new developments.

But what of the books that can properly claim a place even in today's relatively confined library quarters? A glance at the offerings of the past year discloses a variety of worthwhile volumes.

THE AMATEUR IN ART (and the word "amateur" is used advisedly) will enjoy the possession of the **"Encyclopedia of Painting: Painters and Painting of the World from Prehistoric Times to the Present Day,"** edited by Bernard S. Myers (Crown, $10.95). It isn't often that a satisfactory history of art covering all ages and all parts of the world can be obtained for so reasonable a cost and in one volume. With many illustrations, some in color, this is just the sort of book to have at hand for quick consultation and identification. Although the reproductions are not as fine as in costlier books the variety and number as well as the identification of the museum in which the works of art are housed are a compensation. Articles vary in length but all are informative and describe succinctly the artist's work.

AMERICANA has become increasingly popular in recent years. To help meet the hunger for it that indefatigable reader, Clifton Fadiman (with the assistance of Charles Van Doren) has put together **"The American Treasury, 1455-1955"** (Harper, $7.50). Gathered from many sources, here is an immense variety of quotations and excerpts designed to illustrate the American idea—who we are, where we live, our concepts of religion, patriotism, our business civilization. It is fun to dip into this book and to read at random but the volume is also a convenient guide to quotations, phrases, and passages which are hard to track down. Through the four indexes—subject, familiar words and phrases, authors, and titles—one can find the origin of many ideas which are a part of the common background of Americans.

Although not strictly a reference book because it lacks an index, Alexander Klein's **"The Empire City: A Treasury of New York"** (Rinehart, $5.75) will appeal to the same people who enjoy "The American Treasury." The quoted passages in this anthology are longer than in Fadiman's book. Instead of a line or paragraph these are short essays that manage to convey the flavor of the city. It will be cherished as a record of what New York has meant to those who know it well.

SPEAKING OF QUOTATIONS, we should take notice of the Centennial Edition of **"Bartlett's Familiar Quotations: A Collection of Passages, Phrases and Proverbs Traced to Their Sources in Ancient and Modern Literature"** (Little, Brown, $10). It was in May 1855 that John Bartlett, the Cambridge bookseller, put out his first collection of phrases and familiar quotations which had become household words. Many other compilations have been made but the popularity of Bartlett has never waned and with its index of more than five hundred pages it is one of the most satisfactory clues to the elusive phrase.

Quotations from an author can be hard to trace but even more baffling can be the expression that is heard so frequently that no one knows the originator. Several years ago a little book by Charles Earle Funk called "Hog on Ice and Other Curious Expressions" aroused a good bit of interest and satisfied a lot of curiosity about the origins and use of many a homely phrase. Now the author has done another volume of the same character, **"Heavens to Betsy! And Other Curious Sayings"** (Harper, $3.50). More formal sources exist for tracking down these picturesque expressions but the literary browser will enjoy having such a book right at hand.

OPERA is an art enjoyed through Saturday afternoon broadcasts by thousands of people who have never seen a performance. Many would find their pleasure in the music greatly

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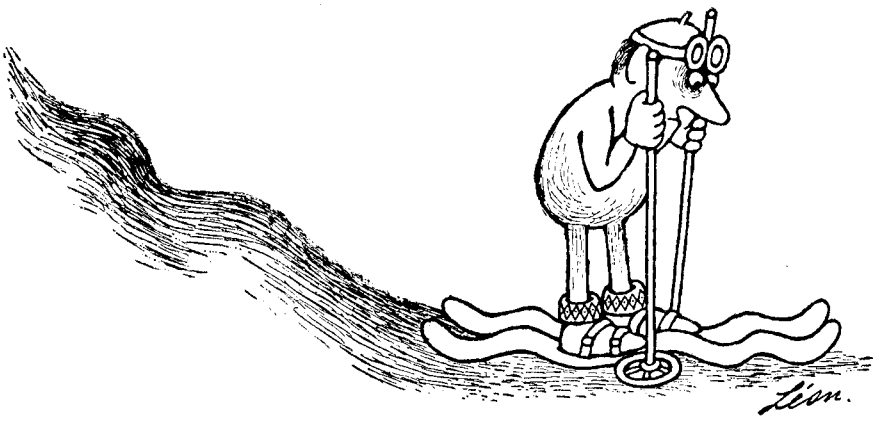

enhanced by a knowledge of the story as it is developed act by act. **"The New Milton Cross' Complete Stories of the Great Operas,"** edited by Karl Kohrs (Doubleday, $3.95), contains some seventy or more well-known operas including several of Menotti's as well as the older classics. While the Cross book is concerned with the stories of the operas, David Ewen's book, **"Encyclopedia of the Opera"** (A. A. Wyn, $7.50), is a more typically encyclopedic work with articles on composers, conductors, singers, names of characters, descriptions of opera companies, titles of arias, and, in a special section at the back, a "Pronunciation Guide" which is a great help. Both of these are recommended for the layman.

IN THE FIELD OF MUSIC **"Everyman's Dictionary of Music,"** compiled by Eric Blom (Dutton, $4.50), available in a new revised edition, deserves to be mentioned as a candidate for the home music reference collection. As its admirable preface states, this is not strictly a dictionary because it does not include pronunciation and, moreover, it contains some biographical sketches of composers and performers no longer living. It is a book to be used for quick reference by anyone interested in music of the Christian era. Since Eric Blom was also editor-in-chief for the fifth edition of the notable **"Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians"** (St. Martin's Press, 9 vols., $127.50), the reliability and authority of this little volume is apparent. For those who have a budget larger than that required for the Everyman volume but not large enough for Grove's the ninth completely revised edition of **"The Oxford Companion to Music,"** by Percy A. Scholes (Oxford University Press, $19), will commend itself. The professional musician, the concert-goer, the radio listener, the record enthusiast are among those the compiler had in mind when he planned the first and successive editions of this distinguished one-volume musical reference work. Biographical sketches of composers and performers, titles of musical works, musical terms are included along with many illustrations. It is truly a treasure house of information for the music lover.

FOR THE RECORD COLLECTOR three notable guides have appeared this year. They may be purchased separately if one has a preference for a particular form of music. The set is **"The Guide to Long Playing Records: Vol. 1, Orchestral Music,"** by Irving Kolodin; **"Vol. 2, Vocal Music,"** by Philip L. Miller; **"Vol. 3, Chamber and Solo Instrument Music,"** by Harold C. Schonberg (Alfred A. Knopf, $3.50 each for Vol. 1 and Vol. 3; $4.50 for Vol. 2). Devotees of recordings will find any one of the three volumes an invaluable addition to a library. Reviews are arranged alphabetically by composer with performances listed usually in the order of the author's preference. The comparisons furnished will help the buyer make up his mind and serve as an admirable guide in a bewildering field.

TO THE THEATRICALLY MINDED **"The Living Stage: A History of the World Theatre,"** by Kenneth MacGowan and William Melnitz. (Prentice-Hall, $8), will appeal. In writing this history the authors planned a survey which would interest the playgoer and would provide him with a broad picture of theatre history beginning with primitive man and continuing with the Greeks and Latins, the Elizabethans, down to twentieth-century realism and the theatre of today. Included, too, is a chapter on the Oriental theatre. With its many illustrations, its selected bibliography, and rather full index it provides a handy one-volume history for the person who is not a specialist.

TURNING TO THE PHYSICAL WORLD, it is good to have in book form the panoramic survey of **"The World We Live In,"** by the Editorial Staff of *Life* and Lincoln Barnett (Simon & Schuster, $13.50). Here is the story of earth, sea, and air and the creatures that inhabit them, with an unusual collection of pictures, most of them in color. Since the scope is so broad, naturally the treatment of each topic is brief. Its great value will be as a stimulant to further investigation. A good bibliography and an index add to its usefulness.

AS FOR WORLD OF IDEAS and thought we find that Louis Untermeyer has made a collection of biographical sketches which he calls **"Makers of the Modern World: The Lives of Ninety-two Writers, Artists, Scientists, Statesmen, Inventors, Philosophers, Composers and Other Creators Who Formed the Pattern of Our Century"** (Simon & Schuster, $6.50). The sketches, usually five or six pages in length, serve two purposes in the home library. They would serve to "place" the individual in his time and role in the world and would serve as an appetizer or stimulant to further reading. This could easily be done by following the suggestions contained in the "Selected Bibliography" which has been included.

A NEW FOREIGN LANGUAGE DICTIONARY has been cited as an outstanding one. It is **"Holt Spanish and English Dictionary,"** by Edwin B. Williams (Holt, $7.50; thumb-indexed, $8.50). Its special value is due to its up-to-dateness and to its inclusion of terms in use in Latin America.

FANS OF THE FINE ART OF DINING will find John Melville's **"Guide to California Wines"** (Doubleday, $4) a practical reference book. It explains in language anyone can follow the various types of wines and how they should be used and served. A second part of the book describes the various wineries of California while an appendix lists outstanding California wines.

ANNUALS have been deliberately omitted from this selection of books, but there is one which should be mentioned because 1955 was the occasion of its first appearance. It is **"The 1955 Baseball Almanac,"** edited by Hy Turkin (A. S. Barnes, $3). The lists of records, the World Series summaries, the baseball history, glossary of terms, and official playing rules give it top rating as a settler of arguments for the sports fans.

By no means can these titles be considered a comprehensive list of reference books for the home library. All lists involve choice and choice means that the favorites of another selector may be omitted. Cervantes has written, "He that publishes a book runs a great hazard, since nothing can be more impossible than to compose one that may secure the approbation of every reader."

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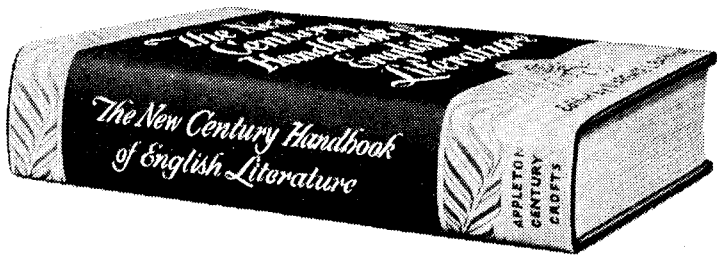

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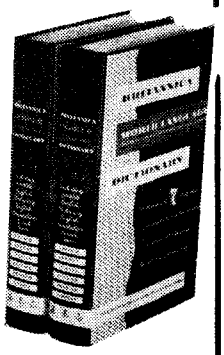

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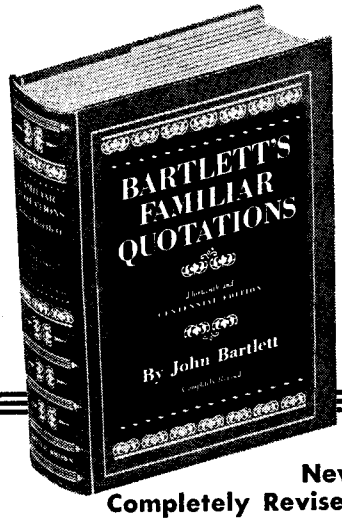

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schools through the regular school-map dealers at a price of twenty-five dollars and up (in bookshops the prices will be slightly higher and the maps more difficult to obtain), and after that will come along "merged-relief" maps of the continents and, of course, of the world.

The occasion for this innovation in map-making is Rand McNally's one-hundredth anniversary, an occasion which looks back on a whole history of map innovations on the part of that company. By far the most successful of these, it seems, was one back in 1908 which became the basis of the modern road map. In that year, of course, there was no such thing as a road map at all—a fact which seemed particularly unfortunate to one Andrew McNally, a grandson of the firm's founder, who, with his bride, shook the confetti out of his hat-brim and started off from Chicago on a honeymoon trip by ancient Packard. Things got so bad that young Andrew began taking photographs enroute at each puzzling intersection with a box camera, the results of which were published in a volume entitled "Rand McNally's Photo Auto Guide." This method, however, proved so cumbersome that pretty soon the Rand McNallys were forced to go symbolic by painting telephone poles with different colors for different routes (which were similarly colored on the maps), and this in turn led to the highly abstract system of simply numbering highways. Apparently after a hundred years, however, the Rand McNally people still believe that ordinary map-lovers retain a fondness for colors over numbers, for their new "merged-relief" map is not the only colorful affair they have put out in honor of their centenary. In the country's bookstores soon will appear another Rand McNally centennial map, a highly colored representation of the U.S. in shades which are described as "yellowy yellows," "greeny greens," and "pinky pinks"—all of which, ordinary map-lovers will find with relief, has absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with the "merged-relief" maps except that by comparison you can drop at least twenty dollars off the price of that one and still walk home with a copy of this one. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

—Quality Photographers.

Cartographer and "merged-relief" map.

—Kaufmann-Fabry.

Rand McNally road-map drafter.

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From Å to Zywiec

FROM the quiet region of map-making, where events are usually more world-girdling than they are world-shaking, came some news last summer which could hardly be considered ordinary. It came by way of Boston, where the publishing firm of Houghton Mifflin Company brought out its best publicity stock and, between red borders, announced the publication of a mid-century edition of **"The London *Times* Atlas of the World."** In itself this may not sound sensational, but it is; for of all the atlases in existence none has proved more thorough or more accurate than the forerunner of this edition of "The Times Atlas," an edition which came out in the early Twenties and which has been outdated only by several comparatively minor skirmishes in addition to a second world war. Furthermore, the new edition has been got together originally in London by no less a person than John Bartholomew, who was cartographer by appointment to the late George V and who is the present head of a family of cartographers which dates back five generations (which would be approximately George III). And, in addition, even at top speed Houghton Mifflin, which is the American publisher for Mr. Bartholomew and which receives folded and printed sheets from him all ready to be bound, will be able to bring out the atlas's five volumes only at the rate of one a year, each costing $25 and adding up to a total price for the set of $125.

The first volume of "The Times Atlas," which came out last November, is an imported-clothbound, gold-stamped tome containing a score of large double plates in full color of Northern Europe. Chronologically this is Volume III of the set, but it was judged by its publishers as the one most likely to be popular and was therefore moved up for first publication. The other volumes will at the rate of one a year tick off in turn the Mediterranean and Africa (Vol. IV), the Americas (Vol. V), the World, Australia, and East Asia (Vol. 1), and finally, in 1959, India, the Middle East, and Russia (Vol. II). As a set the five volumes will comprise a locational—though perhaps not a physiographic or commercial or weather—map of the world containing 120 color maps and an index of 200,000 place names from A (a town in Norway) to Zywiec (a town in Poland). Nor will many, if any, atlases be more up to date despite the fact that the House of Bartholomew is understandably somewhat steeped in tradition. The mid-century edition of "The Times Atlas" will, in addition to giving prominence to all modern means of communication such as air routes, deemphasize national and international boundaries; and by no means the least important of its modern features is a hinged linen backing which, having been held tightly in a drying press for two days in order to rid it of all moisture, will not only last for years to come but will also make it possible for the atlas's pages to lie flat and ready for use the very first time that they are opened.

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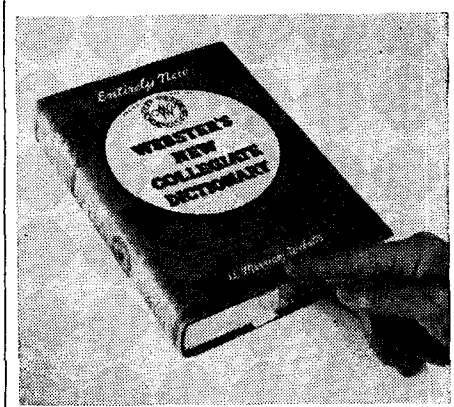

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The Fact Arsenal

THE 1956 edition of **"The World Almanac"** (paperbound, $1) recently hit the newsstands with a loud thud. The latest version contains few surprises, little that was not in the 1955 "World Almanac"—or, for that matter, in the 1954, 1953, or 1952 editions. Due notice is, of course, taken of significant developments during the past twelve months, including the political campaigns, the World Series, the Geneva Conferences, and Liberace. Unintimidated by last year's hassle involving the Girl Scout Handbook, the World Almanac retains intact essential data regarding the United Nations, and (despite the American Legion) even manages a decorous, not to say sprightly, paragraph about UNESCO. Vital facts with respect to such matters as measurement of the earth, weights and measures, and political assassinations are repeated unchanged and all this, I hasten to add, is exactly as it should be.

There is, however, one section of the Almanac—that entitled "Biographies of the Presidents and Their Wives"—which disturbs me and has done so in the World Almanac editions of the past several years.

There was a time when this section was the Almanac's most sparkling jewel. But that was before 1950, before the publishers (probably unnerved at the advent of John Kieran's scholarly "Information Please Almanac") decided to become tony, precise, and depressingly literate. When this happened the editors took the lifeblood out of the World Almanac and left a dry and desiccated statistical shell.

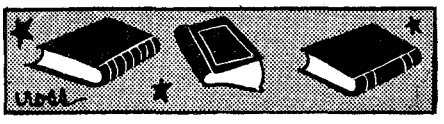
Take the biography of George Washington, for example. In contrast to the stuffy factual single column in the President Section of the 1956 issue, earlier editions felt that the Father of His Country rated two full Almanac columns, and took about a quarter of the space to establish the fact that Washington was the second cousin, six times removed, of Queen Elizabeth. Nary a mention of it in the current summary. The present biography adopts an air of self-righteousness and refers to Washington as a "stern disciplinarian." But listen to this from the pre-1950 biography: "He was a distiller. . . . but not a prohibitionist. . . . He attended horse shows and races, took part in card games, foxhunting, cock fighting, and was a regular theatregoer." (Strict disciplinarian, indeed.)

Or consider Andrew Jackson. The 1956 biographical job eschews any mention of "Old Hickory's" domestic involvements except for a chaste reference to the fact that Mrs. Jackson married Jackson, twice, once before and once after her divorce from her first husband, Captain Robards. Several years ago the Almanac used to put it on the line without mincing words: "Jackson fought several duels, in one of which he killed Charles Dickinson and was himself severely wounded. Dickinson, it was said, had insulted Mrs. Jackson." Later on in discussing Mr. Jackson's lady Captain Robards was brought in as the fellow who "divorced her, *after accusing Jackson,* (italics mine) who married her, first in Natchez in 1791, before the divorce was granted, and again in 1794, after the decree." (No suggestion that Jackson ever tried to knock off Robards for shooting off *his* mouth about Mrs. Jackson, presumably because the Captain had once been married to the lady or was bigger than Jackson.)

Preoccupation with Protestant sectarianism used to be another fetching characteristic of the earlier World Almanac Presidential biographies. They lent a startling touch. About Jackson, for example: "He was shot at, in the Capitol in Washington, January 29, 1835, by Richard Lawrence, a house painter. The weapon missed fire. Jackson was a Presbyterian, tall and thin." Or again: "Tyler was an Episcopalian, tall, thin, clean-shaven, with a Roman nose and a high receding forehead." Polk, on the other hand, "was a Methodist in his latter days, wore his hair long, was democratic and affable." The tailor apprentice Andrew Johnson "ran away from the tailor after six years of slavery, and migrated to Tennessee. He was a Methodist." And Theodore Roosevelt "was shot and wounded in Milwaukee, Wis., October 14, 1912, by a crank. He belonged to the Reformed Dutch Church." (Might not have happened, in other words, if he had been taller, thinner, and a bit more Presbyterian.)

All of this, you see, is gone from the new World Almanac and it's the poorer for it, I say. There are any number of things about which the Almanac can give us the straight facts statistic by statistic, as it has year after year. But it has no business becoming a slave to the thing or getting squeamish about a few innuendoes here and there. After all, the publishers of the Almanac also put out the *New York World-Telegram and Sun,* and, in one as the other, there's room for both.

—Sol M. Linowitz.



Eclipse of the Novel

Continued from page 14

hour. Little men and ordinary men were everywhere, not yet reduced to digits in an economist's demonstration or a fighting machine's need of manpower, but becoming aware of wider horizons. "Kipps," "Mr. Polly," and "Tono-Bungay" on the one hand, "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger" on the other, spoke for all who could read, not milestones alone, but signposts.

Nearly all Bennett's and Wells's literary juniors wrote between 1908 and 1916 pseudo-autobiographical novels in the style of "Tono-Bungay" or "Clayhanger." It seems to me to have been a mistake to do this. They forsook the large tragic themes of Elizabethan dramatists and of Meredith and Hardy; they disregarded the comprehensive social pictures of George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, and Anthony Trollope, in which the authors, having first observed, invented fables to carry their observation. They turned within. A man who writes his autobiography in the form of fiction before he is thirty, and before he has mastered the perspective of experience, commits imaginative suicide. The tragedy of this generation of novelists was that its members sang their swan songs too soon; readers ceased to be interested in them as creative writers.

The importance to the novel of this loss of interest is paramount. It can be said that before the coming of realism the invented tale had trickled almost to a standstill, and that the novels of ideas and milestones were necessary for its revival; but fictional autobiography was much too easy. It relied upon memory rather than the imagination. Moreover, when a new intellectual group, the members of which had almost every mental quality except that of imagination (the power to put oneself into the minds and hearts of other people, as Shakespeare did), moved into literary prominence after the 1914-1918 war, it had no difficulty in establishing a fallacy.

This fallacy was that wit, or the rapid play of superficial thought, had a value beyond anything offered by pre-Georgian writers. Sympathy, compassion, even benevolent interest in the lives of others must be dismissed as sentimentality. Novelists who imagined fictitious characters and told stories about them in which, for the time being, they were allowed heroic qualities were derided as "mere storytellers." What mattered was ironic penetration of what is now called the *persona* of every homun-

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culus, and the demonstration, the exploration, of the writers' own minds, sensations, and mockeries.

Now, the weakness of this exploration, it seems to me, was that like the pseudo-autobiography it could not make any constructive progress. When one has subjectively explored oneself two or three times, however brilliantly and subtly the job may be done, repetition is the only possible sequel. One cannot, as the traditional novelist always did, move to other scenes and problems, or draw nourishment from the external world; the external world to the egocentric exists only as material for quizzical and destructive scorn, or as audience. Therefore, although one may perform with ever greater virtuosity, one does discover the limitations of the ego as a theme. The sophisticates who appeared so impressive twenty years ago to readers accepting their excellent propaganda are gradually fading from view.

Nevertheless, the condemnation of "mere storytelling" remains with us as a legacy from the years of contempt. The term is used by juvenile reviewers who are still dazzled by grammatical analysis and mental gymnastic. It is hard to find among those who have been to the older English universities any cordial appreciation of Fielding, Dickens, Hardy, Meredith, Wells, and Bennett, the innovating novelists who based their work upon a world external to themselves and, in their several manners, invented amusing, profound, tragic, and imaginative lies about it. And while the ironists and the egocentrics no longer satisfy the age, it must be said that only Somerset Maugham of the older generation seems really to have captured the enthusiasm of the young. He has done this by means of his tremendous narrative gift and his nihilism.

MAUGHAM has been neither an introspective writer nor a tragedian. He has cast his eye with relish rather upon the lies, futilities, and infidelities of men and women, and dry-pointed them so that all, from cynic to simpleton, can share his amusement. It is to Maugham's love of travel, and consequent use of exotic background, that we now owe the preference of a number of brilliant young men for everything in the world rather than English life. English life, from which the traditional novelists drew their inspiration, has reached the limit of tedium. Only by escaping from it, both physically and as a theme, can one obtain color and violence. The craving for romance is thus gratified, apparently—but only apparently—without concession to sentiment.

Otherwise our novelists tremble before a remarkable feature of the age, universal enthusiasm for technique, documentaries, and authentic stories of war conditions, airmen, and bizarre ocean crossings by raft or dinghy. They may attempt what is called *réportage*, in which a writer claims to be no more than a recording instrument; but in fact they are competing, when they do this, with news stories whose strangeness they cannot surpass. We have endured two terrible wars; normal heroism is stale; nobody believes any longer in giants or paladins; and experience of fighting or adventure in foreign parts has given pioneer youth a passion for the strange. This passion is shared vicariously by stay-at-homes who see and hear about it on film and radio and television. Therefore nobody wishes—or young authors believe that nobody wishes—to read introspective or domestic novels.

Another feature, common in current literature, has spread to the novel. It is that of the "line." Few biographies of famous men are now told as if the men were worthy of respect. Lytton Strachey having set an example by ridiculing eminent Victorians, all must belittle the dead. Either they were fogeys or they wrote as they did because of some disease or heredity or childish repression. Dickens was a manic-depressive, or a lecher who invaded hotel bedrooms in search of beauty. Frederick the Great was not a land-hungry warrior, but the victim of parental repression or a duodenal ulcer. Anthony Trollope, hitherto extolled for decency and the Barsetshire Novels, was a bad brother or a greater novelist outside Barchester than within it. In the same way a novel presenting one man must deride him, or, if it shows a community, is trivial unless all in this community are repulsive. The most suspect quality in human beings is goodness: virtue can only

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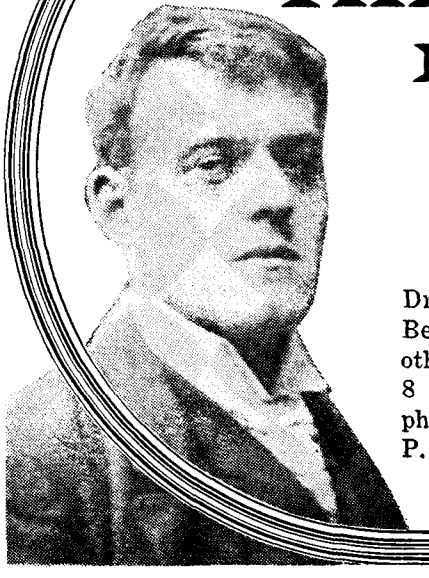

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be a cloak for secret depravity. When the abnormal is driven as hard as this the books smell, if not of the laboratory, of something worse.

Then, of course, there are the dirty books; the full-length wall-chalkings of little boys. These are really Freudian; and suggest such general decadence of manners and morals in our world as to recall Horace Walpole's complaint, 200 years ago, of the rotting behaviors of his day:

> This sublime age reduces everything to its quintessense: all periphrases and expletives are so much in disuse, that I suppose soon the only way of making love will be to say "Lie down."

I have not spoken, hitherto, of the explanations usually given of the decline in novel-reading; the cinema, radio, television, illiteracy, and so on. This is because, in England at least, television is most patronized by the classes who have never been great readers, radio is found by the newer generations no bar to reading (my own daughter, aged eighteen, knits, reads, and listens simultaneously, with no sense that she is illustrating modernity), and motion pictures which adapt books often carry the sales of those books to delicious heights.

The objection I find to radio and television is that older would-be readers have either to seclude themselves from the viewing, listening members of their families or to be wearied until sleep comes to the rescue. As for illiteracy, that is another matter. It is the result, not of counterattractions, but of educational incompetence or overspecialization. If you teach physics, engineering, mathematics, and grammar at the expense of general intelligence you gain extraordinary virtuosity in special subjects, but you atrophy the poetic and imaginative faculties.

In referring to young readers and reviewers of novels I meant only that twenty and thirty years ago the reviewing of novels was taken seriously. Certain reviewers had great influence; they were read week after week with much respect. Now, instead of knowing anything about the art and practice of novelists over three centuries, the bright beginners who are a feature of the English literary landscape bring a few arbitrary and inadequate rules to support high-flown liveliness, and have no influence whatever. Literary editors, half-ashamed of their contributors, and half-believing the yarn that the novel is finished, crowd a bunch of reviews into a small space, where they remain unread. Perhaps, then, the literary editors are to blame?

Lastly, mass salesmanship has done much to destroy taste; and by forcing the public to acquire enormous numbers of certain books has caused an abysmal gap between best-sellers and non-best-sellers. The unlettered person with a 600-page romance to absorb will not, when television costs so much and even food has its price, lay in a store of other novels, however they are boosted. We are not back to the point of "Don't give her a book; she's got one"; but if everybody has one book other books suffer. In any case, more books are published on a single day than one man, even if he could afford to buy them, could read in a year.

THEN is the novel really in eclipse? Is its sale as low as publishers assert? I do not think so. Publishers in England have short memories; and when any books at all sell well, as they do in times of war and shortage, it is immediately assumed that the sales of scarcity are the norm. They are not; the conditions are topsy-turvy. During the last war the streets in and between every city and town and village in England were pitch dark. The booksellers' shops, for the first time in history, were almost naked. A novel could run up to 25,000, 30,000 or 50,000 copies in a few weeks. Above 50,000 they menaced the publishers' rationed paper supply, and were loathed.

As paper, though still difficult, became a less agonizing problem it began to go in the production of books about the war. The sales of novels slipped. They have continued to slip; and an outcry has arisen. But what does the slip mean? The chief librarian of a public library in the industrial north of England had the curiosity, twelve months ago, to ascertain how many copies of novels of my own were actually in circulation from his library on a representative day. The number was sixty. He told me that the old Victorian storytellers were in constant demand in his city, from Dickens to lesser lights. The copies of their books which could not be replaced were worn to tatters.

That is a small detail, important only because it is authentic. The patrons of that library are drawn from all classes of a community noted for its independence. They ignore the London sophisticates. But, simultaneously, intelligent men, including publishers, tell me that the great day of the novel is over, because we have no living Bennett, Wells, or Galsworthy. Those authors, they say, were writers who appealed to all.

When was this? Apparently it was before the First World War. They forget, or do not know, that "Kipps," Wells's first notable success, sold 10,000 copies in Britain in the first year of publication. In the year following its total sales were 180 copies. "The Old Wives' Tale," Arnold Bennett's first great success, sold between 5,000 and 6,000 copies in Britain on its first publication. Previously Bennett had not been earning an advance of seventy-five pounds. "A Man of Property," Galsworthy's first great success, sold 5,000 copies. Four years later Galsworthy lamented to his publishers the fact that they had sold only 8,000 copies of "The Patrician." These, with Joseph Conrad, whose sales were then about 1,500 copies, are

The Criminal Record

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Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
WRIGHTSVILLE MURDERS *Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $3.95)	All of EQ's New England village yarns (as of '42, '45, '48) packaged into 350,000-word omnibus; old master(s) is (are) still on ball.	"Calamity Town," "The Murderer Is a Fox," "Ten Days' Wonder" included; usual realistic handling with wow climaxes.	Bulky, bonny bargain.
BADGE OF EVIL *Whit Masterson* (Dodd, Mead: $2.95)	So. Calif. asst. DA smells frame as blast rips tycoon; old-time cop hauled over hurdles.	Much dynamite, gunpowder, set off; formula job holds up moderately; doesn't match his best.	Noisemaker.
SQUARE IN THE MIDDLE *William Campbell Gault* (Random: $2.75)	Grass widow, LA area, steps out with bar crowd into big trouble; Sgt. Dyke views corpse askance, gets nasty.	Pace good where not impeded by booze and shower baths; characters realistic, credible.	High plus mark.
WITHERED MURDER *A. and P. Shaffer* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Guests disturbed as two die in British sea-isle hotel; Mr. Fathom, high-brow eye, turns meanie.	Personnel strongly whimsical; heavy on atmosphere; much Q&A (authors are twin brothers).	Not too exciting.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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the most publicized novelists of the prewar age.

The 1914-1918 war gave two of them, Wells and Bennett, tremendous popularity as journalists. They became public figures, emblems, it seemed, of literary success. Naturally the sales of their novels rose, never in Bennett's case to best-selling heights, in Galsworthy's to quiet plenty, only once, in Wells's, to the 100,000 of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through."

Then the sales declined again. Galsworthy, to the last, was delightfully rich; Bennett remained a great figure and the most highly-paid literary journalist in England; Wells, ever active, wrote book after book, and made a large income by his pen. But as novelists these men were in the process of becoming overfamiliar by the time they reached the early sixties. Bennett and Galsworthy died then; Wells, in old age, moved from publisher to publisher, returning by degrees to the sales level of "Kipps." The so-called heyday of the novel was over.

Will it have another heyday? Pessimists say No. My guess is that if and when the world, perhaps through the liberalization of Russia from within, recovers its poise, and human beings, having seen quite a lot of television, turn again to the printed page, it will be discovered that the novel still offers unique delights.

Its revival, if it revives, will not be along the lines of competition with the news or with news stories of adventure. It will not be documentary. It cannot go farther into destructive egotism than it has gone of late. Indeed, I think most of the forms it has used hitherto are worn out. What is not worn out is the kind of novel which Meredith and Hardy tried to write, the poetic tragedy in prose; but to be on the great plane, and compare with the finest novels we know, it must be written for us all, not by clever people who are using all the dodges they can think of, but by men and women of creative poetic imagination who write as they do because the world has been newly born in their genius.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Silver Spoon" (Galsworthy). 2. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (Mark Twain). 3. "World So Wide" (Sinclair Lewis). 4. "An American Tragedy" (Dreiser). 5. "A Candle for St. Jude" (Rumer Godden). 6. "South Wind" (Norman Douglas). 7. "A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy" (Laurence Sterne). 8. "Ethan Frome" (Edith Wharton). 9. "Great Expectations" (Dickens). 10. "Mrs. Dalloway" Virginia Woolf).

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WANTED: 1570 book family to buy completely mechanically equipped home in Guilford, Conn., and appreciate 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, playroom, utility room, darkroom, 2 car garage, sundeck, outdoor fireplace. Completely protected. Half way between village and yacht club. Comfortable commuting to New Haven; uncomfortable to New York. Box Y-468.

For Rent

FOR RENT TO DESIRABLE TENANT—Large brick house near Durham, N. Y., electricity, gas, phone, 4 baths, rackaty-packaty furniture. Accommodations and equipment for 5 to 30. Beautiful mountains, meadows and brooks. May to September. Reasonable. Box Y-470.

COLONIAL FARM, modernized, vicinity Dartmouth, 3 bedrooms, grand piano. $650. Box Y-455.

CAMPS

CAMP CELO, for ages 6 to 10, a farm-home camp for 20 boys and girls in the Black Mountains of North Carolina. Full camp program of worship, work and play under liberal Quaker leadership. Ernest Morgan, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

VACATIONS

TENNIS — Another reason for visiting PELICAN COVE'S ocean-front apartments. Hawthorne & Betty Bissell of Provincetown are the resident pros. Islamorada, Florida Keys.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, N. Y. 2100 ft. elevation, surrounded by Adirondack Forest. Privacy ideal for creative work or just loafing. Cottages. Meals varied and best.

FERNCOVE COTTAGE COLONY on Penna. largest Lake Wallenpaupack for those seeking unusual in relaxation. Fishing, Housekeeping cottages. Folder, write 113 Ninth St., Honesdale, Penna. Advise early reservations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

THE COLONIAL INN, Fairhope, Alabama, has served guests of distinction for half a century. Charming and delightful. Finest Southern foods. Write for folder and rates. E. B. Overton, Owner, Fairhope, Alabama.

ISLAND VACATION ON CASCO BAY! Golf, swimming, ocean breezes combined with good food and accommodations. Ten boats daily. ISLAND VIEW HOUSE, Chebeague Island, Maine. (Open May 30.) Brochure.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species): peace-loving, quiet-loving, sea-loving, beauty-loving, nature-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, the stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond all desire. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. Open June 5. Advance reservations necessary. Booklet D?

FARMS, HOTELS, Welcoming children, restful, reasonable. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills Trout stream. Casual, intimate, luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

DINNER AT BLUEBERRY HILL KEY. Lucullan repast. Turquoise waters. Motels nearby. The Mastertons, Islamorada, Florida.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $50-$60. Special children's rates. Booklet. Camp Eggemoggin, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

BEAUTY AND SECLUSION: Fully equipped housekeeping cottages season or half season, Rogers Rock Club on Lake George, Ticonderoga, N. Y. Swimming, tennis, golf, mountain trails. Cottage for nine with three baths, $600 half season; for five, one bath $400. Children welcome. 114 Washington Place, NYC 14.

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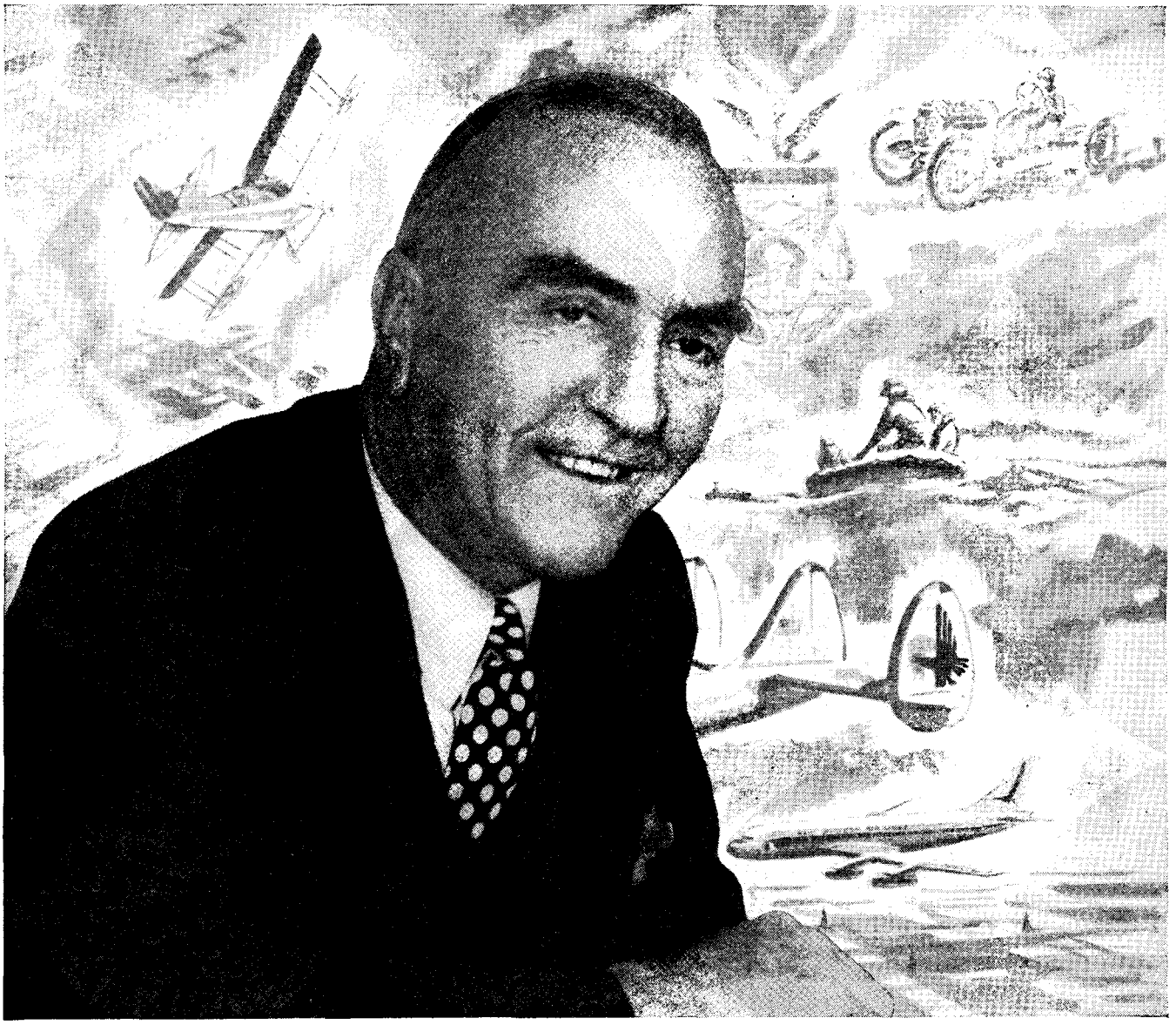

CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER chairman of the board, Eastern Air Lines, dean of the air transportation industry, is an inspiration to all Americans as World War I "Ace of Aces"—again as World War II hero.

THE MIRACLES THAT FREEDOM WORKS

"It is America's mission to show the world what free men can accomplish. For instance, our incredible progress in aviation is powerful proof of the practical miracles that free men, competing in a free enterprise system, can produce."

"Progress like this is the very essence of America. Every individual, every industry contributes to it. Look at what our oilmen have done: The gasoline that 'powered' my Spad fighter in World War I would stall today's cars and wouldn't even turn a propeller on a modern airliner!

"No one man or company could improve fuels so much—so fast. It takes the research of many men in many oil companies—all competing in the search for a better product at less cost for more people.

"When World War II came, oilmen were ready. Long before the need existed, U.S. oil companies, competing with each other, had invested millions learning how to mass produce 100 octane gasoline. And this powerful gasoline, which the Germans never had in quantity, was one key to victory.

"As long as our competitive system stays free and healthy, oilmen will meet the next challenge, too. By 1959, they'll be ready with the vast supplies of special fuels needed for our new fleets of jet airliners which will take you from New York to Florida in 2 hours and around the world in 40 hours.

"We must guard this freedom of competition well. America's leadership in the jet age will grow out of our freedom of competitive enterprise, created by the free people of this country to keep America growing, secure and strong. Remember, only the strong can be free."

Eddie Rickenbacker

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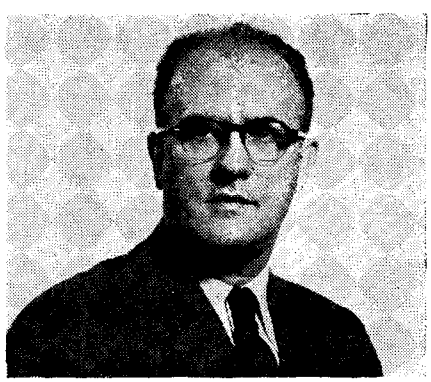
SR/Research
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Science in Books • Report from the Arctic • The Case for Pure Research • Personality Portrait • Research in America • Letter from South Brevard

ARTICLES: Where Is Science Taking Us? • The Soviet's Scientific Elite • Why Our Thinkpower Is Dwindling • A Report on the Salk Vaccine



JOHN LEAR: *SR*'s new Science Editor has been writing about science since 1934. His byline was familiar to millions of readers of the Associated Press for ten years. Later he wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post*, became managing editor of *Steelways*, an associate editor of *Collier's*, and editorial consultant to IBM. Recognition of his work in science includes the Sigma Delta Chi Award for distinguished public service (1950), the Headliner's Award (1950), the Westinghouse Award of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (1951), and the Albert Lasker Award for Medical Journalism (1952). A native of Pennsylvania, he now lives in Manhattan.

The Saturday Review *has always been concerned with the creative intelligence at work—with the conditions that favor such work and with the implications of that work for society as a whole. From the very start we have attempted to appeal to the marketplace of good taste in America. In so doing, we have tried to relate the world of art to the world of ideas.*

For some years, however, we have felt the need to give greater attention to the inquiring mind at work on the frontier of new knowledge. Such work is not infrequently an end in itself; it is not unlike art in this respect. But, also like art, it can confer great benefits and problems on the society of which it is part.

This special section is the first of what the editors hope will be a regular monthly department on Research in America, with especial reference to the great connections between the Scientist and the Citizen. In it we expect to consider not merely the wonders of science in themselves but especially their meaning to our times.

In a memorandum to the Editors concerning his plans for this supplement, Mr. John Lear writes: "Science has come to be thought of as an almost unnatural force, strange and alien. To too many people the word Scientist conjures an image of a man with ice water in his veins who makes a map of the universe and its inhabitants, tacks it methodically on a laboratory wall, meticulously dries out of it every trace of love and beauty, divides the lifeless remains into geometrically exact segments which he then measures and manipulates to fit a set of numbers that are his substitute for a soul." The experiment which begins on the following pages will, we hope, serve to remind the non-scientists among readers of The Saturday Review *that Science is intimately shaping and moving their lives from day to day. We intend to document our observation that Science is not only relevant to a creative culture but is indeed a vital part of it; and that education for the whole man must respect it. We are certain that the scientists among our readers will agree with Dr. Jesse E. Hobson, retiring director of the Stanford Research Institute, who has observed that "Scientists can influence the multitude, decisively at times, but they cannot extricate themselves from it."*—THE EDITORS.

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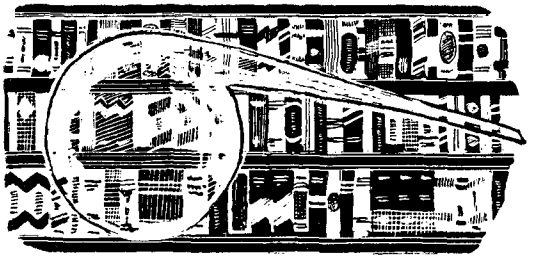

DISSENT IS PRECIOUS: Reflecting upon the sad condition of the once great University of Berlin, brought to its knees by the Nazis and kept there by the Communists, our Ambassador to Germany, James B. Conant, says in **"The Citadel of Learning"** (Yale University Press, $2), "It is the absence of dissenters from the official dogma that signalizes the capture of the citadel." Controversy and the collision of opinion are so vital to free inquiry, Mr. Conant points out, that they should be not only tolerated but vigorously encouraged. He regrets that historians of science and scholarship tend to play down the squabbles, recriminations, and feuds which have occurred at every stage in the growth of knowledge, and suggests that histories might better be written with such squabbles at the forefront of attention. "For it is as a very human adventure of quarrelsome individuals that the advancement of learning must be seen to be understood."

This is a book about American education but, as in the author's "Education in a Divided World," the subject is seen in its world setting. Mr. Conant emphasizes repeatedly the importance to the free world of an American educational system that is strong, free, and equal to the challenge of the mid-twentieth century. He believes that American higher education stands at a crossroads as fateful as that which it reached in the mid-nineteenth century. Just as our boldness then in establishing the land-grant colleges and radically broadening American higher education created the unique system we know today, so he believes that we must now move toward a basic reshaping of our system.

Ambassador Conant's most fundamental proposal grows out of the fact that our colleges and universities are full—and will be much fuller—of youngsters who intend to stay only one or two years and have not the slightest desire to continue on to advanced training. He believes that the states should establish large numbers of tax-supported two-year colleges to take care of these students. Such institutions would take the brunt of the vast increase in enrollments and permit at least some universities to devote themselves wholly to the education of those youngsters who are headed for advanced training. Mr. Conant believes ardently that every sort of higher education should enjoy *equality of respect*, a conviction which he demonstrates by proposing that graduates of the two-year college be awarded the A.B. degree! But assuming such equality of respect, he asks that we frankly recognize that some youngsters are headed for advanced training and must be subjected to rigorous and challenging experiences, while others need only one or two more years of education before they are prepared to enter working lives.

Such frank recognition of individual differences in ability and aspiration seems to Mr. Conant essential if we are to do justice to the very large number of American youngsters who desire *some* college education and at the same time to provide for those gifted ones who will fill the ranks of our professions and provide our national leadership. He considers it essential that at least some of the universities of America dedicate themselves to the latter goal. The universities so dedicated would necessarily devote substantial attention to basic research, in part because of their larger responsibility for the advancement of learning, and in part because the education of scientists, scholars and professional men can only be fruitfully pursued by a faculty deeply concerned with fundamental research. And if basic research is to survive in these institutions, it must be nourished, and protected far better than it is now against the tremendous pressures toward applied research. Part of this protection would involve the provision of adequate salaries so that the professors would not squander their talents in outside remunerative activities.

The universities that devote themselves to the youngster headed for advanced training must accept responsibility for providing him with a broad and vital general education. And in a divided world, this must include radically improved education on world affairs. Every educated American, says Mr. Conant, must come to have a clear, hard-headed, informed view of foreign affairs, and to see America's role in the world in perspective.

Mr. Conant is well aware that the issues which he has raised have a long history of lively discussion in American higher education. The glory and the woe of American higher education is its enormous diversity of commitments; and the attempt to come to terms with that diversity is the chief preoccupation of our educational statesmen and philosophers. This is another such attempt. Mr. Conant's far-reaching proposals merit active debate. —JAMES W. GARDNER.

LUCID SCHOLARSHIP: The study of primitive cultures helps us understand ours, for we can thus distinguish between that part of our behavior created by our peculiar heritage and that which is truly "instinctive," being apparently general. So said Ruth Benedict—and now Douglas L. Oliver comes forth with another fascinating culture for our education and diversion, **"A Solomon Island Society"** (Harvard University Press, $10).

The Suiai of Bougainville are black fuzzy-wuzzies who cherish children, pigs, and shell money as exhibits of gracious living and wealth. They love talk and love feasts. They woo prestige by fierce competitive gift-giving. They frown on promiscuity but indulge in it frequently. They value marriage but practice divorce. They feed and care for their aged without question. The author, associate professor of anthropology at Harvard, spent two years with the Suiai. This is a scholarly work, and so intended, but so rich in life and so clearly written that it deserves popularity. —VICTOR COHN.

MORE FACTS, PLEASE: Lewis Strauss has argued as Atomic Energy Commission chairman that sole responsibility should rest in him, not in a five-man commission. David Shea Teeple, special assistant to Mr. Strauss in 1953-54, now writes **"Atomic Energy: A Constructive Proposal"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3) to say that this establishment should become a cabinet agency.

Something here? Very possibly. But Mr. Teeple only begins to make his case. He says, "This is no expose or behind-the-scenes revelation," no "detailed recitation." Indeed not, and this is its weakness. He mentions the H-bomb delay, hints—"For all the people know, some other matters of equal importance have been strangled . . ."—then stops. It is no secret, just to name one area, that our peaceable atomic power program has badly lagged. Why? Let's have more facts. —V. C.

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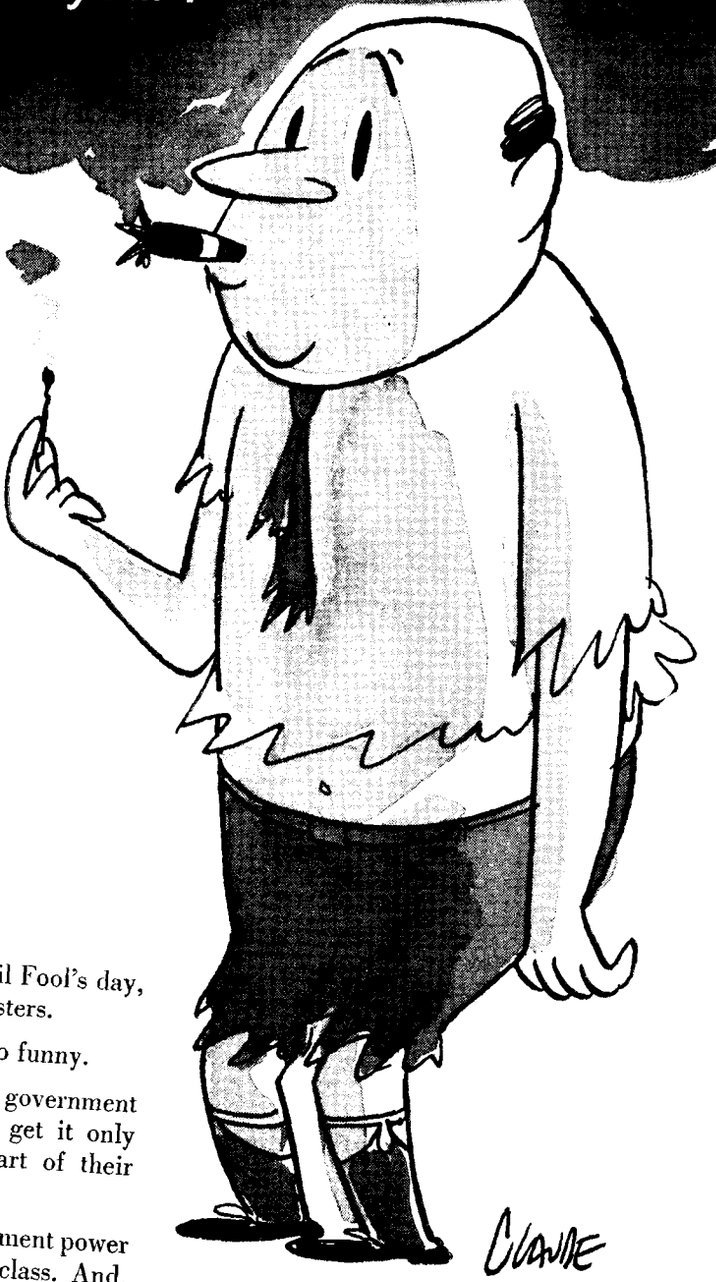
Are you an APRIL FOOL VICTIM every day of the year?



MOST of us *expect* to be tricked on April Fool's day, and we can join in the fun with our tricksters.

But being tricked on *other* days isn't so funny.

Take this matter of "cheap" federal government power. It's "cheap" for the people who get it only because you and other taxpayers pay part of their electric bills.

First, your taxes help pay for the government power plants that serve the folks in this privileged class. And, second, the taxes you pay in your electric bill have to be *higher* because *those people* don't pay a fair share of taxes in theirs.

So when you hear about "cheap" federal power, think of the trick that's behind it. Remember—one of the *victims* of that trick is *you! America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.*

**Names on request from this magazine*

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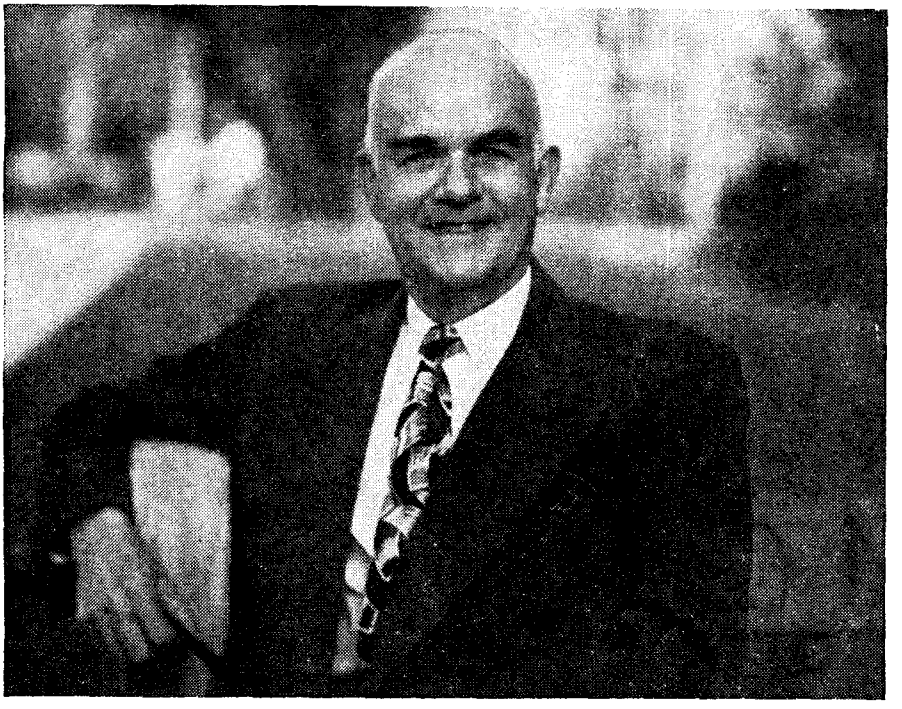

Dr. Laurence Snyder—". . . father of human genetics."

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—I

He's Nudging the Human Race to Be "More Like the Best"

DURING this month of March 1956 preparations are going forward for another series of experimental A-bomb and H-bomb explosions at Eniwetok in the Pacific. In the "fallout" neighborhood when the bombs go off will be Dr. Laurence Snyder, "father of human genetics," lecturing as a distinguished visiting scholar under a Carnegie Corporation grant at the University of Hawaii. The conjunction is appropriate, for if there is such a thing as a silver lining in an A-bomb cloud Dr. Snyder had a lot to do with putting it there.

The military use of atomic energy has dramatized as nothing else could man's need to take better care of his genetic treasurehouse. Just as the wartime atomic-energy project telescoped the normal course of nuclear development and moved physics out into the world, radiation problems have transported genetics from the laboratory into public consciousness.

Science would not be ready to consider seriously, let alone try to answer, the people's worried questions about "fallout" if Dr. Snyder a quarter-century ago had not decided that genetics was "just as applicable to man as to flies, corn, cows, or Jimson weeds." In his student days at Rutgers (Dr. Snyder was born in Kingston, New York, in 1901) and his early teaching years at Harvard and Ohio State genetics was a science that could be followed only with animals and plants in the tradition established in the 1800s by the Augustinian monk Johann Mendel. As Dr. Snyder himself wrote: "From a genetic viewpoint, man is not a satisfactory animal. Unlike laboratory plants and animals, his systems of mating are largely his own concern and are not always easy to inquire into."

Despite the uncertainties, Dr. Snyder found many avenues of approach to human genetics. While Dr. H. J. Muller was doing his classic studies of radiation-produced mutations in the fruit fly, Dr. Snyder began the first in a series of human research papers that has since crossed the 100 mark. Blood types proved to be hereditary in man, and then taste deficiencies. Today's widespread application of genetics to medical practice is an end-result of the Snyder instinct for pioneering. He opened the first course on the subject in this country while he was on the faculty at Ohio State University, where he taught from 1930 to 1947. Before he left Ohio to accept the graduate deanship at the University of Oklahoma classes in medical genetics were an American commonplace.

A walking example of what genes can do to a man, Dr. Snyder is color-blind, overweight, and despairing of what is left of his hair. He is not above pointing out these inherited tendencies to illustrate the hundreds of lectures he gives before groups ranging from high-school pupils to learned international societies. For his ivory tower is the world at large.

One of the great needs of our technological society is a common understanding—by scientists, among others—that scientists are, after all, just people. That would be a sufficient reason in itself for choosing Dr. Snyder as *The Saturday Review's* first subject in its series of PERSONALITY PORTRAITS of American scientists.

Everyone who knows him even slightly, as I had an opportunity to do when I was on the staff of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies and he was the University of Oklahoma representative on ORINS's council, certainly will agree that Dr. Snyder is a human being and mighty proud of it. His "boogie-woogie" work on the piano is legendary throughout the scientific world. Though he can't read a note of music, he picks tunes off the radio or TV and improvises, Snyder-style, to the pleasure of everyone within earshot.

Tourists are supposed to be dreadful people. If they are, so is Dr. Snyder. For in the course of propelling his stocky five-foot seven-inch, graying and slightly bald-topped personality about the country, he stops and shops for pieces of pottery indigenous to wherever he happens to be.

Yes, this scholar of the genetics realm is a person before he is a scientist. I'm sure he even has enemies unknown to me. He is a person most of all in his acknowledgment that anybody can make a contribution to his science. He has stressed this point to his students all his life, which is one reason why his textbook, "Principles of Heredity," first written in 1934 and now in its fourth edition, is still going strong.

In this month of March, with his eminence freshly recognized by his designation as president-elect of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, this man who fathered the study of human genetics has every right to repeat with new emphasis a statement he enjoys:

> The vision of a day when more and more individuals will be like the best of our race, and fewer and fewer like the poorest, is dawning under the influence of the genetic viewpoint.

—DIXON JOHNSON.

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REPORT FROM THE ARCTIC

● ATOMS IN THE ICE

THE radar warning line across Canada's Far North has been widely reported. But almost nothing has been said about the portable atomic furnace designs that are being drafted with that line's power needs in mind. No one has gone so far as to announce explicitly that the atom will power the radar outposts in the lonely land of permafrost. But 1) the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington months ago awarded a contract for an A-furnace (reactor), none of whose parts will be too big to be carried in an airplane; 2) William J. Bennett, head of Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd., Ottawa's equivalent of the AEC, stated in a recent speech that the Canadian Government is considering designs of a small furnace especially suitable to Arctic limitations; 3) a Unistates-Canadian diplomatic agreement signed last June laid down specifications to govern what would happen if A-power were to be used in connection with the radar warning network.

The long-standing prohibition against exchange of information on United States military uses of atomic energy is well known. Practically unknown outside Canada is the fact that the only exception to that prohibition has been made in connection with the Arctic atom. If A-power is adopted for the radar line, and if the United States provides the A-furnaces, then it is agreed that detailed blueprints of these A-furnaces must be shared with Canada.

The effect of this agreement could be historic. Development of the Far North has been slowed for decades because of a shortage of power. Even with oil available at Normal Wells, only 300 miles south of the mouth of the Mackenzie River, distribution has depended on the rivers, which are frozen tight during all but a few months of the year. If small A-furnaces can be flown to remote points, they can operate for years without being refueled.

To Canada, an exporting nation by tradition, a portable A-furnace blueprint has possibilities far beyond the Dominion's own empty spaces. Other countries have deserts and mountain valleys where mere availability of power—not the cost per kilowatt—can spell the difference between poverty and prosperity. India is one of those lands, and bids soon will be invited here for the experimental A-furnace Canada will give to India under the Colombo Plan.

Atomic Energy of Canada's Mr. Bennett has made it unmistakably clear that the Crown Company he heads expects to be one of the biggest if not the biggest exporter of atomic fuel. By 1958, he says, this country will be mining more uranium than either the Belgian Congo or the United States. Since the most optimistic forecasts of the future role of atom power in Canada itself (in addition to the Arctic midget, they include continuance of the A-furnace at Chalk River and its $1,200,000 a year isotope output, completion of a $13-to-$15,000,000 test furnace in cooperation with the Ontario Hydroelectric Power Commission and Canadian General Electric, development of plans for a later 100,000-to-200,000 kilowatt generator, and a dual-purpose A-furnace to provide both power and steam for the pulp and paper industry) can account for only a small fraction of the uranium Mr. Bennett foresees, and since Canada's uranium sales to the United States are pegged entirely to military demand, uranium exports on a worldwide scale are not so much a matter of choice as a matter of economic necessity.

"BEARING in mind our large supplies of uranium," Mr. Bennett has declared, "We think there is a real future in the (atomic) fuel business. We think it makes good sense to aim at a situation where at least some of our uranium will be exported in the form of fuel elements."

That remark is a measure of Canada's confidence in achieving industrialization of its once agrarian, raw-material treasurehouse. It is backed up by Trade Minister C. D. Howe's announcement in the House of Commons that Canada will be producing its own uranium metal within one year. Today Canada buys its uranium metal from processors in the United States who make it from Canadian-mined, Canadian-refined uranium ore. Mr. Bennett's promise that Canadian-made uranium metal will be further processed into Canadian-made A-fuel elements is a frank expression of the growing strength and independence Canadians feel as they move slowly northward to exploit the riches beneath their frozen plains.

—JOHN E. BIRD, *Ottawa Parliamentary Correspondent.*

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• HUMAN DRUG FACTORIES

THE HUMAN body is a factory of amazing versatility. Medical researchers have been poking into it for hundreds of years, and yet discover from time to time a new chemical or a new process that no one noticed before. A rising number of new finds have been made recently in the blood stream, the still mysterious river of life. If one of these is confirmed by experience, then it will be possible for at least a certain number of people to operate as drug-manufacturing plants to help keep other people well.

Anyone who gives a blood transfusion is, of course, filling the most complicated drug prescription in existence. Some factors in the blood inhibit bleeding, for instance, while others maintain a balance in pressure between the blood and the fluid in the cells of our body tissues. There are red cells to carry our breath deep inside us, and white cells to dispose of internal wastes. The blood of each of us also contains what is called a gamma globulin to fight off every infectious disease that we, as individuals, have ever had in our individual lives.

A little later in this column we will discuss a new blood fraction. But the fractions we are discussing now are not new. What is new in regard to these is the way they interact, and how they can be separated from each other with precision and reliability. This information comes from the Protein Foundation in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a non-profit scientific and research corporation which holds the patents on a blood-splitting machine originally developed in the laboratory of the late Dr. Edwin J. Cohn of Harvard University. Whole blood from human donors is poured into one end of this device; out the other end come a bewildering array of cells, liquids, pastes, and powders that can be put on a refrigerator shelf and kept for varying periods of time up to a decade.

Copies of Dr. Cohn's blood fractionator are scattered all over the world. The design is being constantly changed and refined. One of the newest models is in Philadelphia, where Dr. Joseph Smolens and Dr. Joseph Stokes have been using it to learn how successful they can expect to be in extracting drugs from the veins of living persons.

Drs. Smolens and Stokes began with the knowledge that, during convalescence, the blood of a contagious disease victim carries a high concentration of antibodies, or gamma globulins. That's why the patient is getting well—because the antibodies are in there, in large numbers, fighting the invasion. And this convalescent phenomenon can be produced artificially by injecting a vaccine. So the Philadelphia experiment was done with twenty-three men, four of them naturally hyperimmune to whooping cough and nineteen vaccinated against whooping cough and mumps. There wasn't too much danger in the deliberate vaccinations, for the men were husky members of the Philadelphia Park Police, between twenty-six and thirty-five years old.

Once every two weeks each of the twenty-three subjects of the experiment gave blood. Into the splitting machine it went, and out came two major blood fractions: (1) the plasma, of which the gamma globulins are part, and (2) the red cells, white cells and other formed elements of the blood. Since the two doctors wanted only the gamma globulins, they promptly poured the rest of the blood back into the veins of the twenty-three men.

At the time this work was formally reported, at a Protein Foundation symposium in January 1956, none of the experimental human drug factories had shown any ill effects after giving seventeen successive batches of gamma globulin. Their blood pressures, pulse rates, red and white cell counts, and other customary indices of sound health remained undisturbed. The average time for a gamma globulin runoff was twenty-two minutes, including nine minutes to draw the blood and ten minutes to pour the unwanted fractions back again.

The significance of this Philadelphia experiment could be enormous. For example, after more experience has been gained with polio vaccine (see page 64) it may be possible to hyperimmunize a relative handful of people and from them obtain protection for thousands. It has been estimated by Dr. Stokes that only 2,000 regular donors would be required to fill immunization needs of various kinds now supplied by 4,000,000 conventional once-a-year blood transfusions.

• • •

The new blood fraction mentioned earlier is called Properdin. It, too, is a factor in our resistance to disease. Exactly how it works is not yet clear, but it is known to attack some germs and viruses even in the absence of specific antibodies.

Dr. Louis Pillemer of Western Reserve University first found Properdin in 1954. But he could obtain it only from serum, which is a mixture of blood fractions rather than a clearcut separation like plasma. Since serum is not a common commodity in the country's blood banking system, Properdin remained a laboratory curiosity until Dr. Douglas M. Surgenor, one of Dr. Cohn's proteges, now assistant professor of biological chemistry at Harvard, succeeded in isolating it from plasma late in 1955.

Properdin does not kill infections by itself. It acts only in the presence of a complex of other blood fractions known collectively as Complement. However, when Properdin does go to work, it is overpowering. A very small amount of it is lethal to large numbers of bacteria or virus. In fact, its striking force is so dramatic that its use must be carefully timed. Otherwise, the body's internal sewage disposal system is suddenly and hopelessly swamped by the accumulation of dead bodies of Properdin's victims. In that event, the patient dies even faster than he would have succumbed to the infection itself.

The Defense Department and the National Institutes of Health are helping to pay Dr. Surgenor's expenses in setting up a pilot plant for large-scale production of Properdin. The reason is urgent. Properdin is the blood fraction which disappears first under atomic radiation, leaving the body easy prey to even ordinarily mild infections. If injections of Properdin could be given at the right time, in sufficient numbers, one of the horrors of atomic warfare would be alleviated.

• • •

Research into blood fractions has political as well as medical significance this year. The outcome of a Presidential election may very depend on it. President Eisenhower has been the first frankly to face the fact that his health is a natural issue in the campaign. His life depends on the behavior of the fractions in his blood which cause blood to clot. One clear index of his doctors' concern about his condition at any given time is the extent to which they employ anti-coagulant drugs. So far, the White House has made no attempt to obscure continuing use of anti-coagulants, although heart specialists generally are divided on the value of the drugs after a satisfactory stage of convalescence has been reached.

• • •

Secret research on the atom is becoming known in bits and pieces as

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the AEC releases fragments of news on heretofore classified patents. One item just published will baffle the many scientists who say that the disintegrating atom cannot produce electric power directly—that the power must come from turbines moved by steam generated by the atom's escaping heat. For, according to this particular patent, there is a way of taking beta radiation directly from the firebox of an atomic furnace and using it as a source of electric power. Copper, aluminum, beryllium, or other suitable metals can pick up the radiation inside the A-furnace and conduct it through terminals to the outside in the form of electric current. So, at least, the U.S. Patent Office has been persuaded by inventor V. C. Wilson. The patent number is 2728867.

• • •

The skin is the largest organ of the body. It occupies twenty square feet of area on the average adult, weighs 8.8 pounds, and has a volume of 3.7 quarts. It actually is an organ with many functions that are essential to life. To mention a few: 1) It is a barrier against disease germs. The world in which we live abounds with bacteria. Only rarely do any get through the skin. 2) It is almost waterproof and enables us, creatures with 67 per cent of our body weight made up of water, to live in a dry environment without drying out. We do not swell in fresh water nor shrink in salt water, as we surely would do if the skin were not waterproof. 3) It regulates the temperature of our body so that our body heat remains at 98.6°F even when the external temperature ranges from 0° to 120°F. 4) It is an important organ of waste elimination. 5) It absorbs fatty materials which it itself manufactures and which, after irradiation by the sun's rays, become vitamin D. 6) It defends the sensitive body from irradiation damage of the sun's rays by the formation of pigment.

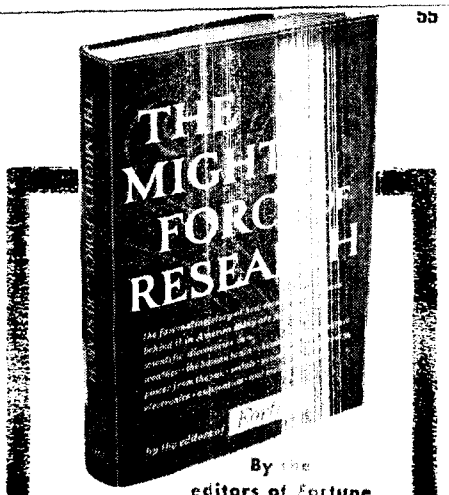
Those bits and pieces of interesting but apparently useless information make a good composite example of pure research (for others, see page 58). They were gathered by scientists in the laboratories of Procter and Gamble in Cincinnati, Ohio. And they together comprise the foundation for an exceedingly practical and necessary business: manufacture of soap.

• • •

The two Thomas Watson—Senior and Junior—are canny gentlemen. When their International Business Machines Corporation decides to establish the biggest regional installation in its history, there undoubtedly is something more than smog in the air. And the Watsons have made such a decision. The place they have chosen is San Jose, California, manufacturing site for IBM's latest electronic computer—a jukebox stacked with records that play numbers instead of musical notes.

Man has never before had anything comparable to the electronic computer to extend the range of his speculative thinking. Speculative thinking is fundamental research. The Watsons are betting that the records in their mathematical jukebox will hold more pieces of information at any one time than any other practical computing device, and consequently will be the preferred machine for research into everyday business operations.

Young Tom Watson makes no secret of the reason for picking San Jose as the manufacturing and laboratory center for IBM's $50,000,000 regional expansion (subsidiary computing centers will be opened in Portland and Seattle): "On the Pacific Coast there is the largest concentration of giant electronic computers in the world." For young men who want to be in on gestation of the next generation of computers (see Dr. John von Neumann's remarks on page 59 for an idea of the size of the problems they will solve) one direction for travel would seem to be West. —J. L.



By the editors of Fortune

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● THE CASE FOR PURE RESEARCH

By HARRISON BROWN

SOME of my colleagues and I occasionally play a game in which we imagine that during particular periods of our technological history we were charged with the responsibility of allocating funds for the solution of specific technological problems. For example, one of our favorite imaginings is that we were members of a commission formed by the British Government about the middle of the nineteenth century for the purpose of stimulating research for the improvement of home lighting. We ask ourselves: to which research projects would we have allocated funds?

Clearly in view of the fact that gas lighting was the most plausible and exciting means for urban home lighting on the horizon, we would have spent most of our money on projects aimed at improving the efficiency of production and utilization of gas. But, naturally, in order to satisfy a piqued minority of candle devotees we would have given a few token research grants aimed at improving candlelight. These might have included a grant for "A Critical Study of the Relative Merits of Wool, Cotton, Linen, and Coconut Husks as Raw Materials for Wicks" and a grant for "A Tentative Appraisal of the Luminosity Efficiency of Mutton Fat as a Function of Animal Age."

Clearly, however, the greater part of our funds would have been allocated for the support of the gas industry. We would have financed a major program on the design of fishtail burners. Certainly we would have contributed substantially to Leming's researches on the refining of coal gas and to Beal's development of techniques for the delivery of gas through low-pressure mains. We would have loudly debated the worth of Murdoch's program on the development of cast-iron coke retorts, but undoubtedly we would have given the program fair support. Were it not for the loud cries of a vociferous minority we would have denied the request of Auer von Welsbach for aid in the development of an incandescent mantle. Mr. von Welsbach appeared to lean a little too much toward the dreamy, impractical side.

Then, there was the matter of whale oil. None of us would have taken whale-oil illumination very seriously had it not been for the possibility of our being accused of supporting only obviously practical projects. With this in mind we would have made grants to the Whaling Research Center for "Fundamental Research on Whale Reproduction and Migration Habits" and for "The Compilation of a Bibliography on Whale Oil Technology With Particular Reference to Illumination."

None of us, even the most radical and imaginative of the persons in our group, would have found it possible to vote grants to either Michael Faraday or to James Clark-Maxwell, two of the pioneers in research on electricity, for the simple reason that there were at that time no obvious applications of electricity to home lighting on the horizon. For that matter, it is quite possible that both Faraday and Maxwell would have refused to accept grants-in-aid, had they been offered, for fear of being accused of being charlatans.

As long as we are playing this game let us now turn to more modern times and imagine that we are members of the board of directors of a Cancer Research Foundation. We are asked to consider several research proposals, among them one from a J. Griffith who wants to study the seasonal cycles of the mole and the hedgehog, and another from a P. Grosser and a J. Husler who want to study the production of a chemical known as phosphatase in the lining membrane of the intestine. We decline to give aid on the seemingly reasonable ground that neither study appears to have anything to do with cancer. However, we are embarrassed several years later when Huggins at the University of Chicago develops a treatment for cancer of the prostate and we find that the researches of Griffith, Grosser, and Husler have turned out to be major links in the chain that led to the development of the treatment. Research which bore no apparent relation to cancer turned out to be indispensable in the development of the cancer treatment.

The development of atomic energy provides an equally illuminating example of the unpredictability of practical applications of fundamental scientific knowledge. The large-scale release of atomic energy was made possible by a long series of discoveries and scientific developments, not one of which was prompted by the desire to make an atomic bomb or by thoughts that atomic energy might eventually be released in usable quantities. Indeed, it is doubtful that any of the early research that led to the development of atomic energy would have been supported by a commission or by a foundation interested in increasing our energy resources. As is true in all fields of science, the work of the Curies, Chadwick, the Joliots-Curies, Fermi, Seaborg, Lawrence, and Hahn was prompted by curiosity, by the desire to add new bits of knowledge to that then in existence, by the desire to understand how nature operates.

Too few laymen recognize the extent to which the eventual practical applications of a scientific discovery are unpredictable. And, related to this, few persons realize the frequency with which aid in the solution of practical technological problems comes from unexpected scientific directions and in ways which could not have been predicted.

IN SPITE of the fact that all technology is built upon the findings of pure science and in spite of the fact that in the absence of "impractical" discoveries, technological progress would cease, far less support is given to fundamental research than is generally supposed. Most of the expenditures for "scientific research" in the United States actually are earmarked either for straightforward technological development or for "fundamental" research aimed at obvious goals.

A very few organizations have come to appreciate the seriousness of these problems and have attempted to do something about it. The Guggenheim Foundation, for example, has established a policy of giving grants to finance the research of specific individuals considered by its Advisory Board to be promising with no strings attached, no requirements for reports, and no need for the justification of program.

The fact that a few groups and agencies are becoming concerned about these problems is encouraging. But when we compare what has been done thus far with our great need for the application of imagination and genius in practically all areas of human endeavor we see that much more is required. As the survival of our remote ancestors was dependent upon their ability to capture game, our own survival is dependent upon our ability to generate and to capture ideas. The constant search for the practical application and for the obvious result with the consequent exclusion of other intellectual pursuits can only lead to the nourishment of mediocrity and eventually to our downfall.

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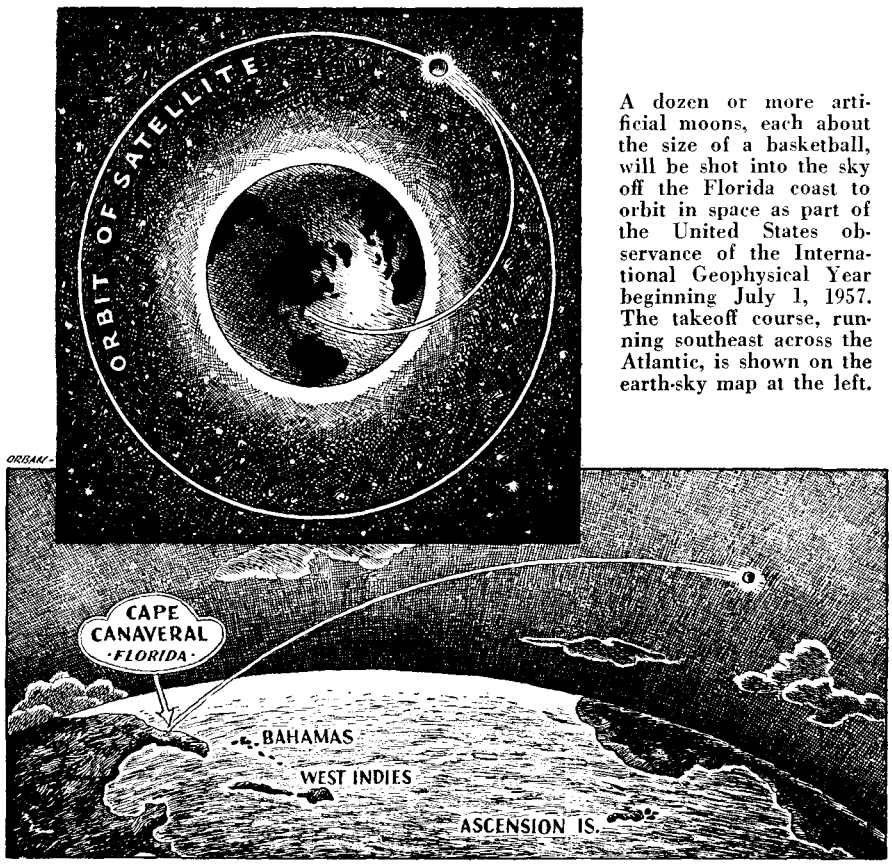
• SATELLITES AND ALLIGATORS



A dozen or more artificial moons, each about the size of a basketball, will be shot into the sky off the Florida coast to orbit in space as part of the United States observance of the International Geophysical Year beginning July 1, 1957. The takeoff course, running southeast across the Atlantic, is shown on the earth-sky map at the left.

CAN YOU imagine what a multitude would gather if someone were to advertise in all the newspapers that he was going to take off from a certain spot on man's first trip to the moon? Well, the crowd isn't quite that big yet here in South Brevard, the little clump of east-coast Florida towns (Melbourne, Eau Gallie, Indialantic, Melbourne Beach) that lie just south of Cape Canaveral, the lonely Atlantic sand-point whence man will fire earth's first artificial moon into space.

Open before me as I write is a copy of the March 6 issue of the *Daily Times of Melbourne,* our local newspaper. Page 2 is topped by a three-column cartoon of a satellite whoosing off the Cape into the sky. All the rest of the eight columns on the page are filled with facts and figures to document the banner line, "South Brevard Prosperity Assured."

Housing short. Real estate booming. High-school enrolment up 20 per cent in the last six months. Twelve hundred new men due—how many more families? All this months in advance of the moon launching.

I don't expect to be on the satellite launching crew. However, I am what you might call a precursor to a satellite launcher. For three years I have been working on the *Matador,* the guided missile that roars off Cape Canaveral across the Bahamas on the opening stretch of what ultimately will be a 5,600 mile test-course southeast to Ascension Island. Indialantic, the Melbourne suburb where I live, is roughly equidistant from Daytona and Palm Beach. The countryside is flat, scrub oak and palmetto dotted sand, monotonous I am sure to mountain-lovers and quite distinct from the landscape I knew in Ohio before I joined the Navy in 1940 and began the travels which helped me find a lovely (and thrifty) Scottish lassie, Maggie, for a wife.

People are always asking me how I got my job here. So I'll tell you now: I didn't plan it. I first came down in 1953 to spend my vacation with my brother, Donald, who then was pastor of the Merritt Island Church between the Indian and Banana Rivers. I wasn't looking for a job because I had one back in Akron.

Once I got here, though, I liked it here. There were mosquitoes, sure; large and plentiful. But I could pick oranges right off the tree, I could fish from the river bridges, I could sun all day, swim in the Atlantic, and be lulled to sleep by the cool night breeze. Why should I wait till I was old and gray to enjoy life? I heard that men with radar experience were wanted for guided missile work at the Patrick Air Force Base, and I talked to a recruiter for Glenn L. Martin. Martin was willing to count my practical Navy training in radar as the equivalent of a college degree. Back in Akron, B. F. Goodrich hadn't been willing to do that. So I took the job with Martin.

Maggie and I started out by buying three acres on the west bank of the Indian River. A "cracker" friend with a bulldozer cleared it of all but a few cabbage palms, and we built a two-bedroom house of concrete block with a hurricane-proof roof. We built it with our own hands, moved in after four months of sawing and hammering, enjoyed the fishing we could do from the dock at the end of the property, and then decided that the mobility of missile work nowadays is such that renting is better than owning. That's how we came to sell the house with eighty feet of its waterfront and move to the furnished duplex where we are now, in a neighborhood where rentals run from $90 to $300 a month.

Florida as a whole may be a playground for old folks. But South Brevard is brimming with young married couples. Our Janey (nine) and Jimmy (four) have plenty of playmates. Aside from obvious seacoast fun like swimming and waterskiing there is recreation aplenty: roller rink, bowling alley, wrestling ring, indoor and outdoor movies, beach clubs, garden clubs, art clubs, music clubs, Little Theatre, and the Miami nightclubs only four hours' drive away.

For anyone who loves to fish, as Maggie and I both do, this place is close to heaven. We haul in trout, pompano, red snappers, sea bass, and various other water denizens, fresh and salt. When we're hungry for oysters we put on our bathing suits, shoes, and gloves and wade waist deep with a washtub floating beside us, prying a succulent dinner fresh off the rocky bottom. If the yen to travel hits us we load our four selves and our broad-brimmed sunhats into our fourteen-foot outboard runabout and put-put off across the water to visit the alligators and cranes, the coots and the otters and the ducks on the St. John's River. If you really want to lose yourself this is the place to do it.

—JAMES LEE JOLLEY.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

Research often leads in directions quite different from the one first intended by a curious experimenter. Nevertheless, every scientific inquiry must begin with a question. Why this? How that? What if? The Editors have asked a number of leading scientists for suggestions concerning new areas for fruitful research; answers follow.

LINUS PAULING (*California Institute of Technology*): Mental disease, including mental deficiency, is one of the greatest medical problems. It is likely that most cases of mental deficiency are caused by a molecular abnormality of some sort. It is known that one kind of mental deficiency involves the amino acid phenylalanine, but the way in which phenylalanine or a substance formed from it operates to produce the mental manifestations of the disease is not known. Further biochemical research on mental deficiency, with special attention to molecular abnormalities, should lead to significant progress.

—*U. of California.*

STAFFORD L. WARREN (*University of California Medical Center*): Usually a new field of exploration in the biological and medical sciences is opened up by the wide application of a new approach usually with a new tool and its techniques. Progress comes from the interpretations made possible by the new information. One area as yet very little explored is the use of the spectroscope (an instrument that tells the makeup of a substance by burning the substance and analyzing the color of the flame) to determine the chemical composition and physical states of the structures we can see inside the cells of tissues with the help of high-powered optical and electron microscopes. The molecular structures which combine to form granules, edges, genes and other physical structures of the cell contents and which participate in cell division and function have a complex system, literally a world of their own. Various approaches with ultraviolet and infrared spectrophotometry, while an exacting technique, could explain a lot of fundamental problems now unknown and basic to life processes. The ramifications of the ideas created by this work could develop a new era of thought relating to cell processes and human disease.

—*Acme.*

ROBERT OPPENHEIMER (*Institute for Advanced Study*): Today, in what is called in the trade "particle physics"—and here I would include mesodynamics and at least some aspects of field theory—we are searching for the order that pervades the physical world. We are very far from seeing it. We have a vast jumble of odd dimensionless numbers, none of them understandable or derivable, all with an insulting lack of obvious meaning. We have a maze of findings: the masses of the semi-stable particles, their reactions, their numerous and striking selection rules. I can think of at least three questions: Will this be an atomic theory, in the basic sense that the number of long-lived fundamental particles is finite? If we are through, or will one day soon be through, with the discovery of fundamental particles, will we also be through with the discovery of the laws of their behavior? Will this world, with its variety, its un-understood numbers, ever really yield to an ordered description, simple and necessary?

S. C. LIND (*Oak Ridge National Laboratory*): Chemical reaction caused by nuclear radiation is called radiation chemistry. Until now its study has been confined to the laboratory. With the coming growth of atomic power radiative by-products will be produced in huge quantity. The cost of their disposal will be high. Can this source of radiation be used to produce useful material? This question must be answered by experiment with actual products of fission undertaken on an adequate scale as soon as they are available from the new power plants. Preliminary trials give promise of success in producing and improving valuable material in the plastic field and in other directions. This will also bear the cost of disposal or of protection from excessive radiation. It will be like a packing house using all its by-products instead of having the expense of waste disposal.

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EDMUND W. SINNOTT (*Yale University*): A very much needed piece of research has to do with the way in which the *form* of an organism is determined. Every animal and plant has a specific bodily shape and a specific internal structure—these are inherited. Just how this form is determined, how the genes or units of inheritance determine, for example, whether a fruit shall be round or flat or elongate, we know almost nothing about. We can see how size is determined and how certain of the physiological processes of the organism take place, but how the whole thing is so *organized* that an orderly whole is formed is still quite unknown.

—*Yale University.*

HENRY EYRING (*University of Utah*): Every chemical reaction proceeds by way of an unstable intermediate—the activated complex—which lives only 10^{-13} seconds. This fleeting intermediate is made up of atoms and has a structure like any other molecule, except that it is in the act of flying apart into two segments. One of the great scientific syntheses of the future will be a treatise with some such title as "Structure and Valence Theory of Activated Complexes." Using quantum mechanics and statistical mechanics, one can in theory predict the rate of any reaction.

VLADIMIR ZWORYKIN (*RCA, inventor of the TV tube*): Modern electronics has developed into a large body of specialized knowledge regarding precise measuring and control techniques, methods of handling masses of scientific data, and improved techniques of observation. Such knowledge is urgently needed to help in the solution of the exceedingly complex problems of medicine and biology. At present, the life scientist is not in possession of this knowledge. The electronic expert who does possess the knowledge is too unfamiliar with the peculiarities of living substance to make a significant contribution in this field. So far, electronic techniques have been developed for applications of an entirely different character. What is needed at the present time is an intensive cooperative research effort of life scientists and electronic engineers to develop the new field of medical electronics to the point where it can contribute as much to an understanding of life processes and to medicine as electronics contributes today in the field of physical research and industrial practice.

—*RCA.*

F. H. SPEDDING (*Iowa State College*): It is obvious that more and more practical applications will be made where materials will be used at very high temperatures. The chemistry and metallurgy of materials at high temperatures is only sketchily explored. Therefore, basic research in this area is badly needed. While information from the 500 degree to 1,000 degree Centigrade range is sketchy, data at very high temperatures are almost non-existent, particularly above 2,000 degrees Centigrade. Present solutions for even such simple problems as the measurement of temperature itself leave much to be desired; better methods of measuring temperatures in these high ranges need to be developed.

JOEL HILDEBRAND (*University of California—Berkeley*): The judgment of a scientist about problems he does not feel impelled to attack cannot in my opinion be very significant. I am actively studying the factors which affect the entropy: that is, the degree of disorder involved in a solution. This appears to be the next step required for refining the general theory of solutions and is necessary for calculating solubility.

JOHN VON NEUMANN (*Atomic Energy Commission*): Throughout the last several years, I have made a consistent effort to extend the application of automatic computing methods in various parts of applied mathematics. I think that this work should be expanded much further than I had occasion to do. Specifically, I think that the field of geophysics offers most fertile opportunities for this. My colleagues, N. Phillips and J. Charney, and I made applications of these methods to meteorological forecasting and to the theory of the general circulation of the atmosphere. Recently, this work has led to the setting up of a current computational forecasting service by a cooperative enterprise of the U. S. Weather Bureau, the U. S. Air Force and the U. S. Navy. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is a modest statement indeed. What Dr. von Neumann's creative mathematical imagination actually has accomplished is the first known method to decide when and where a storm is forming. Using the theories he has evolved, one can start with nothing more than air pressure readings from today's weather, calculate backwards in time to date the last Ice Age, and then calculate forward to forecast the next coming of the ice.*] I would like to express the hope that work of this type will be undertaken on a yet broader basis, complemented by systematic efforts in connected theoretical and experimental fields and extended to other important parts of the earth sciences.

—*USAEC.*

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THE SOVIET'S SCIENTIFIC ELITE

Professor John Turkevich of Princeton University is an authority on science in the Soviet Union. He was for five years editor of the AEC's Guide to Russian Scientific Literature. *Because of his knowledge and his facility with the Russian tongue, he became America's key liaison man with Soviet researchers at the Geneva atoms-for-peace conference last August. Only an equally competent man on the domestic scientific scene could comment meaningfully on what the Communist elite means to us (see page 62). For that opinion we have turned to Dr. M. H. Trytten, director of the Office of Scientific Personnel of the National Academy of Sciences—National Research Council, in Washington, D. C.*

A. N. Nesmeyanov.

—Sovfoto.

By JOHN TURKEVICH

THE most powerful scientist on earth is a Soviet Russian. He is a chemist, in his middle fifties. His name is Alexander Nikolaevich Nesmeyanov.

Nesmeyanov is, for all practical purposes, Russia's Minister of Science. But that is not his official title. Instead, he is listed as president of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, a self-perpetuating body of 400 scholars who coordinate all science in the Soviet Union. Nesmeyanov enjoys prestige and authority that no other scientist enjoys in any other country. He sits with the secretaries of each of the Academy's 100 institutes—they employ 100,000 scientists at the university level and are directly responsible for all fundamental research—and decides what the various branches of science in Russia should do, how they should go about it, and where they will get the money and the people for the job.

The money at Nesmeyanov's disposal is apparently limitless. I recall translating a Russian-American conversation at the Geneva atoms-for-peace conference last August which documents the Kremlin's willingness to spend for science. The subject of this conversation was atom-smashers. One of the Soviet scientists was telling about a machine of this type which outclasses anything the West has now. The Russian said that the magnet in this instrument alone took 36,000 tons of steel. Ernest O. Lawrence, the American expert on atom-smashers who was present, just gasped—so enormous was the size.

Someone asked how the Soviet scientists had managed to get the money for this colossal task.

"What do you mean?" the Russian came back.

"How did you get all that money?" persisted his questioner.

"I don't understand," said the man from Moscow. "We decided that this was the machine we needed, and so we built it."

So far as manpower is concerned, Nesmeyanov has no problem. Young people want to be scientists in Russia. Scientists in the Soviet Union enjoy, after high Government officials, the highest standard of living and the greatest esteem that Soviet society has to offer. Many of them live in the metropolitan comfort of Moscow or Leningrad. Their salaries are high even by American standards. A forty-year-old scientist, for example, receives a basic salary of 7,000 rubles (for our purposes, seven rubles equal $1) per month as a worker in a research laboratory. On election to corresponding membership in the Academy of Sciences he receives an additional 2,500 rubles a month. By contrast, the monthly pay of an unskilled worker in Russia is about 700 rubles.

On this income the scientist lives handsomely. Rent on a five-room apartment is 350 rubles a month. Inexpensive household help is readily available. The scientist has at least one, often two, cars. In addition to his winter home he has a summer cottage where he spends his two-months-a-year vacation. If he gets bored with the cottage he goes motoring through the Soviet Union.

Moscow does not cut its scientists off from the rest of the world, as most Americans suppose. On the contrary, Mr. Nesmeyanov's organization sees to it that translations of all the available scientific papers written by Western scientists are communicated quickly. Thus, the Communists ensure themselves of minimum duplication of research that has already been done, and maximum opportunity to graft Russian ideas onto the ideas of Western science.

The Kremlin is so eager in its fostering of science that the Soviet scientist does not even need to be a Communist. Nesmeyanov himself, of course, is a member of the Party. But a great many scientists are not. The Party has failed in its effort to create a proletarian scientist and scholar. The Russian scientist of today is very often a member of the old Russian intelligentsia—that strata of society which in the latter part of the nineteenth

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century and in the early part of the twentieth century produced Dostoyevski, Chekhov, Tschaikowsky, and Mendeleev. This class was not destroyed, after all, by the havoc of revolution, and in its children today lies the leadership of Soviet science. These men and women (for women play an important role in Russian science) are free, especially since Stalin's death, to talk about science as scientists and not as Party hacks. In their freedom they find new lift and strength, which is naturally reflected in Russia's scientific stockpile.

It must be clear, from the facts adduced, that the Soviet Union is challenging American supremacy in science. In fact, the centralized organization and articulate leadership of Mr. Nesmeyanov have given the Russians the most extensive program in the world for the development of the scientific and technical potential of its population.

A SOVIET youngster at the age of seven enters a ten-year school where he gets his primary and secondary education. A distinctive feature of the Soviet educational system is the uniformity of (A) curriculum and (B) examinations over the whole expanse of the country. This makes it possible for the Government to be tough on grading students' work.

Fifty-five per cent of the pupils' time is devoted to general education (Russian language, literature, history, foreign language, geography); 11 per cent to physical education, drawing, and singing; 35 per cent to mathematics, general science, chemistry, and physics. During the last three years of the ten-year school 41 per cent of all instruction of all Soviet pupils is in mathematics and science. A small fraction of our secondary-school students receive the equivalent of mathematics and science that every Soviet graduate is expected to assimilate.

There are no elective courses throughout the Russian ten-year school course. This is to be contrasted with the situation in the United States, with its diversity of curriculum and its plethora of electives. Attendance for seven years of the Russian ten-year school, *i.e.*, to the age of fourteen, is obligatory and free. A small tuition of 150-200 roubles a year is charged for the last three years. However, this tuition is low and constitutes no hardship. Students who do not continue in the last three years of the ten-year school either go to Labor Reserve Schools, to the technikums for training of machinists, technicians, and other skilled workers, or they are drafted into the Soviet Armed Forces.

Mr. Nesmeyanov and the Kremlin leaders to whom he is responsible recognize that, while Russia's present place in the world is determined by the number of its troops, the size of its nuclear stockpile, and the might of its industry, the nation's future position depends on its science and technology. Consequently, the Soviet military draft law is designed to increase the student's motivation to enter a scientific or professional career. All secondary-school students are automatically deferred from the draft until they are eighteen years old. This permits a boy to graduate from the ten-year school even if he is one year behind his class. Students who go on to the universities are either deferred or exempted from military service until they finish their studies, which can continue right up to the age of thirty, when the draft expires.

The Soviet higher educational system (thirty-three universities and 800 institutes for specialized training) is also geared to maximize the production of high quality scientific and technological personnel for the Soviet state. Entrance into an institution of higher learning is limited to those who have completed the ten-year school and are successful in a competitive entrance examination set by the particular university or institute. Exemption from this competitive examination is given only to the top graduates of the ten-year school; they represent only 10 per cent of all admissions.

Unusual prestige is attached to attendance at the University of Moscow, the largest and most important school in Russia. This institution has marked its bicentennial by moving into an imposing array of new buildings that dominate the Moscow skyline. Soviet students seem to have freedom to choose their school as well as their profession, and applications for the university of Moscow are so numerous that only one in ten candidates gets in.

All first-year students in Soviet higher educational institutions receive a subsidy of 150-200 roubles per month. There are 7,000 prize scholarships paying over 1,000 roubles a month to outstanding students. Continuation of the subsidy is contingent on a high level of performance in class. All of the thirty-three Soviet universities train research personnel and teachers in the faculties of physics, mathematics, chemistry, biology, philology, history, and geography. The five-year courses are far more specialized than in American institutions. There are no general education, liberal-arts courses. The student spends his first two years in the general field of science and the remaining three years in the particular subdivision of the specialty of his choice.

The specialized institutes, attended by seven-eights of the students receiving higher education in the Soviet Union, train engineers, doctors, agronomists, secondary-school teachers, and so on. Entrance requirements are the same as those for the universities. The four-to-six-year courses are again far more specialized and detailed than in corresponding schools in the United States.

WITHIN a few days after his final examination the Soviet graduate is assigned a position in conformity to his training and university or institute performance. Graduates with outstanding records are given research positions either at the universities or research institutes. They are encouraged to do graduate work leading to

THE BATTLE OF THE ENGINEERS

1952

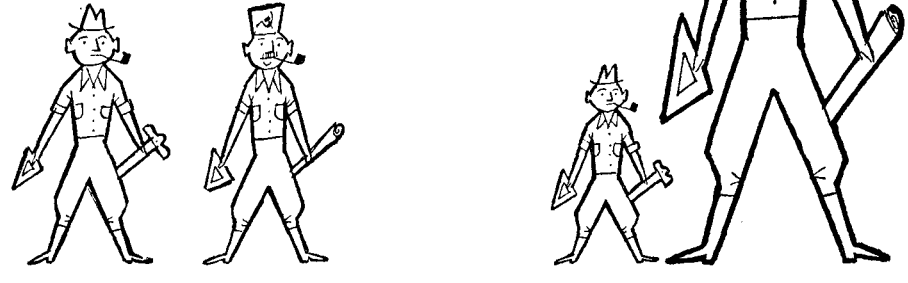
U.S.: 30,000

USSR: 30,000

1955

U.S.: 23,000

USSR: 63,000



Only four years ago schools in Russia and the United States were graduating equal numbers of engineers. For the situation today compare the two figures at the right above.

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the award of the two scholarly degrees in the Soviet Union: the "Kandidat" and the "Doctor" degree. The "kandidat" degree, requiring three to four years additional study, is of slightly lower standard than the American Ph.D. degree. The training pattern is similar to that in the United States: assignment to work under the direction of an individual professor, independent scientific investigation, a "kandidat" dissertation, and a successful public oral examination.

In 1955 "kandidat" degrees conferred in the Soviet Union totaled 8,400; the number of Ph.D. degrees awarded in the United States in 1955 was 4,400.

The doctor's degree in the Soviet Union is awarded for mature independent research work which normally requires an additional four years. It is formalized in a dissertation and is subjected to a public examination. The degree is awarded by the state and must be approved by the Supreme Accrediting Committee of the Ministry of Higher Education. About 500 doctor's degrees are awarded each year. They represent the culmination of twenty-two years of continuous training in science.

In 1954 there were 1,100,000 students in institutions of higher education in the Soviet Union, compared to 2,600,000 in the United States. In that same year there were 170,000 graduates in Russia compared to 360,000 in our country. But whereas very many of the graduates in the USA received a general liberal education, *all* graduates of higher educational institutions in the Soviet Union received a professional training. A particularly important trend must be noted in the number of graduates in engineering: the number in the USSR has risen from 30,000 in 1952 to 63,000 in 1955; in the United States it has fallen from 30,000 in 1952 to 23,000 in 1955.

Here is the *real* challenge of modern Russia.

REQUIRED READING: "Soviet Professional Manpower" is a paperbound book that should be in the library of every person who considers himself seriously concerned with the future of democracy. It is published by the National Science Foundation with the cooperation of the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council. Price: $1.25. Obtainable through the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Printing Office, Washington, D.C. The sourcebook of information on the real intellectual situation within the Soviet Union is a telling example of the way science is interwoven into the pattern of our daily lives. This study began with a study grant from the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

Why Our Thinkpower Is Dwindling

By M. H. TRYTTEN

THE GROWING realization of the effort being put forward by the Soviet Union in the field of technology and its implications for the world balance of power have caused much concern in this country, as has been quite apparent in the public press in recent months. Probably for the first time in history there has been an acceptance that in a very genuine and realistic sense knowledge is power. Scientific knowledge and skill are readily translatable into political, economic, or military power.

Scientific resources and the school system that produces technically trained personnel have become matters of high public concern at a time when there is much questioning of the schools anyway. The evidence that "Johnny can't read," and often has difficulty ciphering, too, has focused attention on the training of children in elementary skills. Farther up the line the youth knocking at the college doors all too frequently is inadequately prepared for college work. In a sampling survey covering over 200 colleges recently, over 400 freshmen on the average in each college were forced to take sub-college courses to overcome deficiencies in mathematics.

It must not be assumed from these examples that all secondary schools are equally low in the quality of their instruction. There are many schools where substantial work is done. Most private schools are perhaps as effective as at any time in the past. That there are grave weaknesses, however, in many high schools can hardly be controverted. The effect of the indicated weakness may be inferred. There is probably no need to reiterate again the often publicized divergence between the supply of scientists and engineers, on the one hand, and the growing demands of this highly technological age, on the other. The exact measure of the discrepancy is perhaps not of first importance.

What to do about this problem is the question now confronting the nation's leaders. This is emphasized by the appointment by the President this month of a special committee (The National Committee for the Development of Scientists and Engineers) of distinguished citizens to concern themselves with the problem of training at all levels in the technical branches, an utterly unprecedented action in this nation's educational history.

This new committee will surely find that the problem of technological training cannot be split off from the rest of the curriculum and treated alone. Most of the underlying causes of the problems in the technical branches also produce similar effects in other areas of the curriculum. The most important element in any school situation is the teaching personnel. The growing shortages of competent teachers is not a problem in science and mathematics alone. It exists in all branches, although not equally. Its solution will, of course, be dependent to some extent on the solution of the problem of adequate school financing, but not on this factor alone. The human resources for teaching is probably a more difficult problem. There has been much evidence to indicate that the teaching profession is not only failing to draw enough recruits, but that the demonstrated level of ability of the new recruits compares unfavorably with the recruits in many other fields of specialization. To remedy the teacher problem in both quantity and quality would require diverting personnel from competing fields, none of which at the moment has surpluses.

THERE is also a question as to how much real improvement can be made without considerable reorganization of the schools. One of the great problems in American education is the fact that so many schools are small. Over half of all high schools have less than 200 students and have about seven teachers or less. In view of the fact that on the average only about one-third of the graduates have any idea of going on to college the school has two largely distinct responsibilities. On the one hand, it should provide those who expect to continue their educa-

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tion the necessary pre-college skills and the subject matter they need as a foundation to their future work. On the other hand, it should provide the larger terminal group with courses of maximum usefulness for their later lives.

TO MEET the needs of the former group adequately it would be desirable that the teachers be fully grounded in their subjects. They can then help to identify the young people who have the capacity to profit by advanced training and to succeed in an advanced field of study. They can enlist interest, inspire effort, and finally pass along well-motivated candidates for higher education. The high-school years are the formative years of adolescence, both physically and mentally. It is at this age that an effective teacher can inspire an eager mind and set the direction of its later development. Quite obviously this is most unlikely to happen unless the school is large enough to provide for teachers with specialized training in the various branches. It is impossible for a small corps of teachers to serve both terminal and college preparatory students with vital, relevant, inspiring work in the range of subjects needed by both groups.

There is even a question whether in very large high schools the ends of effective education are best served by unspecialized high schools, serving both terminal students and those preparing for further work. If those who are preparing for higher education are in a group apart they are much more likely to develop group interests consistent with their educational interests and goals. If they are in an unspecialized high school, even though pursuing courses different from the rest, they are much more likely to be captured, as far as group activities are concerned, by the interests and attitudes of the larger crowd.

The problem of the schools is interwoven with the problem of appropriate curricula. As in any human activity, the response of an individual to the activity is determined by his feeling of identification with it and his assessment of its personal meaning for him. Much of the educational effort of the past several decades has been spent in the attempt to develop curricula of more relevance for the terminal student in the high school. No one would claim that the final answer has been achieved. But in the process, to a large extent, the group who expects to go on to higher education has been neglected.

The curriculum for them, too, is in need of redesign. There has not been a great deal of change in the college preparatory curriculum over the past four decades, and yet in that time the world has changed more markedly than in the forty decades prior to World War I. The simplest example is in the matter of technology. The greatest factor for change, the greatest component of our civilization, and the most powerful determinant of the future are all comprised in the basic and applied sciences.

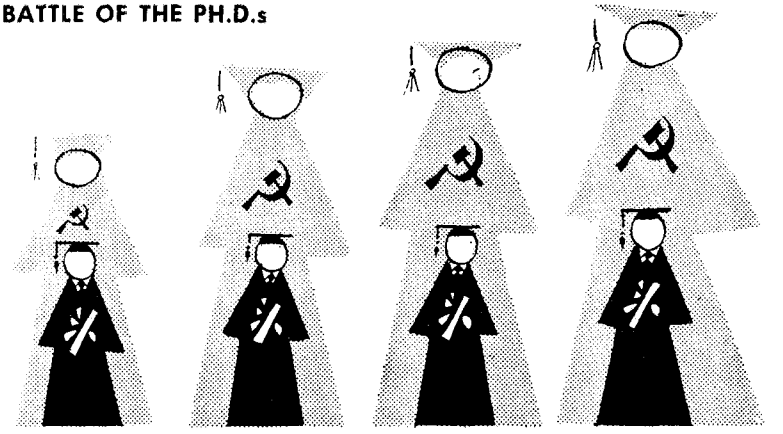
Similarly, the important part of our environment about which we should all have some knowledge is now vastly expanded geographically. Asia, Africa, and South America are now as much a part of our ordinary affairs as Canada was a few decades ago. They intrude into our daily lives, enter our politics, and perhaps will affect our futures, if not determine them.

IF THE curriculum is to be chosen to bring to us the significant lessons of the past, acquaint us with the most relevant facts about our world environment, its social, political, and other characteristics, as well as giving us the knowledge and skills we need in our professions, its design is profoundly important. It can not be left to the haphazard method of heterogeneous and multiple offerings of courses, nor to the fortuitous elections from among these courses by unguided students.

These considerations may seem far afield from a consideration of the problem of pre-professional training. They are not. The problem of secondary education is a well-knit whole. In the secondary school the able young intellect should lay the groundwork for wide cultural interests of the maximum relevance to his life and times, as well as acquire his essential skills. Improvements in curricula and proper organization of the secondary school to achieve better study conditions should increase greatly the personal involvement of the student by emphasizing the importance to him of his school experience.

Changes in the fundamental organization and nature of education, however, can occur only slowly. There are more immediate and limited improvements which can and must be made. Movements are under way for teacher improvement, such as summer institutes and programs of scholarships for teachers. Improvements in the regulations for teacher certification are being sought. Greater emphasis on subject matter in teacher-training courses bears some promise for more appropriately equipped teachers in specialized branches. Especially important has been the effort to make known at the local level the nature and importance of the school problem, so as to stimulate local effort, since in America schools are a local responsibility and a local problem.

THE BATTLE OF THE PH.D.s



	1952	1953	1954	1955
U.S.	3,800	4,000	4,200	4,400
USSR	5,900	7,300	7,800	8,400

The speed of acceleration of thinkpower in the Soviet Union appears dramatically in the sketch above. Ph.D. recruits in Soviet scholarship are about double our own—each year.

LAGGING AMERICA: The emphasis on science in Soviet schools contrasts sharply with the situation in the United States. Whereas each of the more than 1,000,000 Soviet students graduating from secondary schools last June had taken five years of physics, one year of astronomy, four years of chemistry, five of biology, ten of mathematics including algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, less than a third of a total of approximately the same number of American high-school graduates had taken as much as a year in chemistry.

—ELEANOR S. LOWMAN, *specialist in Soviet education, International Education Division, U.S. Office of Education.*

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A REPORT ON THE SALK VACCINE

By Two Nobel Prizewinners and Eighteen Other Polio Experts

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Just before the middle of January 1956 every physician in Massachusetts received a letter from the Commissioner of the Department of Public Health, Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood. "At the meeting of the Massachusetts Advisory Committee on Polio Vaccine held January 9, 1956," it said, "the following recommendations were approved. I believe that you will appreciate having an exact copy of these recommendations." And an exact copy of the recommendations was enclosed with the letter.*

The Massachusetts Advisory Committee on Polio Vaccine has been characterized by Dr. David D. Rutstein, professor of preventive medicine at Harvard University, former Deputy Commissioner of Health in New York City, as "the cream of the experts on polio . . . certainly in this part of the country if not the entire country and . . . many of them . . . worldwide authorities." Among its twenty members, two are winners of the Nobel Prize.

The Committee report is reproduced in its entirety on this and the following two pages. Being addressed to the medical profession, the report naturally omits relevant history and background familiar to doctors. The missing facts have been supplied by John Lear, SR's *Science Editor, and they appear below as parenthetical interpolations, in italics, so that the recommendations of the Massachusetts polio experts will be plain to the layman.*

THE Massachusetts Advisory Committee on Polio Vaccine at its meeting on January 9, 1956 has voted to advise the Massachusetts Department of Public Health to resume the mass polio vaccination of school children. *(The decision was not made easily. The meeting at which it was reached began at four o'clock in the afternoon and did not end until eleven o'clock at night. The committeemen wrestled with their consciences as well as with their medical data. For months prior the* New England Journal of Medicine *had run editorial criticism of presentation of the vaccine to the public. Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., University of Michigan virologist, on April 12, 1955 had reported results of the 1954 field-trials to daily newspapers, radio, and TV before publication of his data in any established scientific journal. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which insists that recipients of its polio research grants report formally to the Foundation before openly presenting their work elsewhere, had itself broken the long tradition of first announcing new medical advances to the medical profession. This precedent-flouting procedure deprived individual physicians of their normal chance to discharge their personal obligation to their patients by leisurely and carefully reading about a new treatment before deciding whether or not to use it. The doctors' doubts were compounded by (1) the fundamental disagreement of many virologists with Dr. Jonas Salk's belief that a vaccine made of dead polio virus would effectively prevent paralytic polio and (2) the fact that Dr. Salk's description of his own work on the vaccine was not as detailed as many other polio researchers contended it should be in order to permit duplication of his experiments and confirmation of his conclusions. No one questioned Dr. Salk's integrity or his sincerity, however. And Dr. Francis also had an impeccable reputation as a scientist. So the Massachusetts Advisory Committee went along with all the rest of the states and in April 1955 consented to vaccination of first and second-grade schoolchildren with the Salk vaccine. Then came the deaths of vaccinated children in Idaho and California. Live virus was discovered in the supposedly dead vaccine.*

(The United States Public Health Service ordered all vaccinations stopped until the safety of the vaccine could be guaranteed. The vaccine went back on the market on May 26, under new safety regulations. All the forty-eight states except Idaho and Massachusetts permitted public health vaccination to resume after that. The Massachusetts Committee, not satisfied that the established dangers had yet been eliminated, voted in June to postpone further injections to await developments. In September, and again in November, the Committee continued the postponement—still not satisfied that all had been done that should be done to protect the public. Finally, on January 9, 1956, the Committee was persuaded of the probable safety of the vaccine even though the seven-hour argument indicated something short of unqualified enthusiasm.) This decision

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om evidence that the more recently produced has a sufficiently greater level of safety than previously available to warrant its use. *(Partly because of the Massachusetts Committee's continuing refusal to accept the vaccine safety standards of May 26, the U.S. Public Health Service progressively tightened its vaccine requirements on September 10 and November 11. Two purposes were achieved. First, new filtering methods were introduced to effectively remove live virus that previously had been hidden inside clumps of dead virus and so had been shielded from the killing action of formaldehyde in the vaccine. Second, monkeys used in the safety tests were injected with cortisone to multiply their sensitivity to polio and so guarantee that presence of any significant amount of live virus would be discovered in the animals before it could reach a child.)* The Committee believes that the protection to be expected is now greater than a potential risk to the vaccinated individual and to those with whom he comes in contact. *(The Committee refrains from stating how much protection the vaccine can reasonably be expected to provide. All that is really expressed is the belief that the newest vaccine is relatively safe.)*

However, the Committee also believes that total freedom from live virus cannot be assured in this vaccine *(Although the original vaccine was advertised as free of live virus, the safety specifications of the U.S. Public Health Service allow a stated minimum of live virus—not believed to be dangerous—in the vaccine of today.)* and that the vaccine may possibly on rare instances induce the disease in those vaccinated or in their contacts. *(Dr. S. Stephen Chapman, of the University of Kentucky, reported in a symposium of the Protein Foundation on January 6, 1956, that he had centrifuged the vaccine and had obtained live virus "more . . . than we theoretically ever could have anticipated having. . . . This brings up the problem of possible reactivation of the so-called dead vaccine. . . . We don't know what it means." Virologists say such an observation might mean that vaccinated children could themselves become immune but excrete live virus capable of infecting their playmates. There has been no epidemic since the early one in Idaho to prove that this is true.)* Furthermore, it recognizes that the search still continues for a suitable substitute for the virulent Mahoney strain. *(There are three general types of polio virus. Each type has various strains. Type One causes most polio, and the Mahoney strain is a very virulent strain of Type One. A mere trace of Mahoney virus, if undetected, could rapidly grow to dangerous strength. Dr. Salk contends that this very strength is valuable. A panel of other polio experts polled by a Congressional investigating committee in June 1955 unanimously disagreed with him. The Danes and the British already have substituted a milder strain for the Mahoney strain in making vaccine for their countries.)*

THE Committee arrived at this decision on assurance from Washington that the vaccine now available to the State from the Federal Government would comply with the new methods of production and additional safety tests introduced by November, 1955 *(As noted earlier, November 11 was the date of the latest tightening in safety regulations.)* or the equivalent requirements established through the initiative of manufacturers of the vaccine prior to this date. *(Three vaccine manufacturers—it has been clearly established—set these equivalent standards for themselves as early as September 10.)* All physicians are advised to administer polio vaccine made according to these latest specifications. *(Here is the nub of the Massachusetts Committee report. It amounts to a caution to physicians to carefully identify the vials of vaccine they inject into children. The key date is September 10, 1955. That was when the monkeys used in vaccine tests were all required to be treated with cortisone. By that date the November 11 filtering regulations actually were in effect, although they were not yet required by the U.S. Public Health Service. Now every batch of vaccine must be tested for 120 days, roughly four months. If the tests are passed the maker can put the vaccine on the market at once and stamp it with an expiration date six months from that day. Or he can hold it as long as ninety days and then affix the six-month stamp. This means that vaccine known to meet the standards of September 10 could be dated anywhere between July 10, 1956, and October 10, 1956. Because of the elective ninety-day waiting period, however, not all shots dated July 10 would necessarily meet those standards. And there certainly is not now on the market enough vaccine dated October 10, 1956, or later to fill the country's needs. So, to be both practical and safe, the Massachusetts Committee gave its approval to all vaccine specifically guaranteed by the maker to have been tested in monkeys treated with cortisone. There are two ways in which a private physician can obtain this guarantee. One way is to check the protocols the drug manufacturer sends to the State Health Department along with his vaccine. The other way is to read the lot number on the vaccine vial and ask the U.S. Public Health Service in Washington, D.C., whether that lot of vaccine was tested in cortisone-treated monkeys. Although forty-six other states, including Illinois, have not felt it necessary to call their physicians' attention to these facts, an Illinois health commissioner, Dr. Herbert Ratner, of Oak Park, editor of the* Bulletin of the American Association of Public Health Physicians, *reported his personal concern in a letter to the* Journal of the American Medical Association *on January 21, 1956. "More than one million" Salk Vaccine shots then being sold to physicians, he wrote, did not meet the latest safety requirements. "Yet," he added, "in the face of this paradox, the public is being urged from all directions, except that of the practising physician, to get their inoculations immediately.")*

The Committee's action was influenced also by recognition that the inter-epidemic period is the safest time for vaccination. *(Vaccinations and operations have long been known to cause some increase in susceptibility to polio during the epidemic season.)*

The Committee finds there is no evidence that the vaccine caused the recent epidemic in Massachusetts.

THE SIGNERS: *These are the twenty polio experts who signed the accompanying report of the Massachusetts Advisory Committee on Polio Vaccine. Asterisk indicates Nobel Prizewinners:*

Samuel B. Kirkwood, M.D., *Chairman.*

James B. Baty, M.D.	*John F. Enders, Ph.D.	Charles A. Janeway, M.D.	Nelson J. King, D.O.
Stewart H. Clifford, M.D.	Maxwell Finland, M.D.	Brooks Ryder, M.D.	Ralph L. France, Ph.D.
Edward Dyer, M.D.	David McL. Greeley, M.D.	Louis Weinstein, M.D.	Louis J. Rosetti
Monroe D. Eaton, M.D.	William T. Green, M.D.	*Thomas H. Weller, M.D.	Paul Cohen
R. Cannon Eley, M.D.	Robert H. Hamlin, M.D.	Conrad Wesselhoeft, M.D.	Frederick B. Taylor

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(Shortly after the Committee voted in June 1955 to continue suspension of polio vaccinations the state was visited by its worst polio epidemic in many years. Suspicion fell on the vaccinations that had been done in the spring for the very natural reason that the vaccine had been proved to be the cause of the now historic epidemic in Idaho. Of fifty-three polio cases among non-vaccinated individuals in that state, forty-five had had contact with vaccinated children. So far as Massachusetts was concerned, however, a special study convinced everyone that the vaccine was innocent of blame for spreading the disease.)

In making this recommendation the Committee is aware that the present vaccine has not as yet undergone full field experience to determine the degree of its effectiveness although it has passed required laboratory potency tests. *(The vaccine now in use is no longer the same vaccine that was found to be effective in the 1954 field-trials. And even the broad interpretation of those trials has been questioned recently in the* Journal of the American Statistical Association, *the* British Health Education Journal, *and a U.N. report by the World Health Organization.)* Furthermore, at the present time the ultimate duration of protection conferred by any polio vaccine is not known. *(That is, there is yet no firm basis for saying how frequently vaccination will have to be repeated to maintain immunity from polio.)*

In addition to the above specific recommendations made to the Commissioner of the Department of Public Health regarding the resumption of the polio vaccination program the committee made the following comments:

Criticism has questioned the right of the committee to rest its explanation of delay on "knowledge from authoritative sources" that live virus has been found in the vaccine prior to November 1955. *(The Committeemen were at a distinct disadvantage. People were reading in their newspapers the favorable arguments for the vaccine being published by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The unfavorable news was being ignored or played down.)* Scientists both in government and private manufacturing firms are often forbidden to divulge the results of their work. A firm making vaccine may find live virus in its product. *(As a matter of fact, Dr. M. V. Veldee, chairman of the biology department of the Stanford Research Institute, pointed out in the* New England Journal of Medicine *that every manufacturer of the vaccine did find live virus, not only once but repeatedly.)* The firm promptly condemns the entire batch of vaccine, but for very natural reasons affecting the sale of its product does not announce this to the world. Nevertheless, these scientists meeting in privacy discuss their difficulties, hoping for mutual help in their problems. There are members of the committee who have received such confidential information. Such information is highly respected, as are confidences held by physicians, the clergy, and the legal profession. *(This confidential knowledge put the committee members in a dilemma. Medical ethics would reject a controversy that could not be openly documented. Yet the private data had significant meaning when related to past experience.)*

Criticism has also been leveled at the committee for allegedly distinguishing between its advice to the Department of Public Health regarding the free vaccination of school children and the advice to private physicians regarding the vaccine. There has never been any difference in the advice of the Committee in these two respects. The Committee has advised the Commissioner of Public Health and the Public Health Council, and through these all public health units in the state. The Commissioner and the Council have followed the advice of the Advisory Committee, and the free vaccination of school children was deferred. Many physicians did not agree with the recommendation of the Advisory Committee, and being free to give vaccine have been doing so.

THERE is an element of danger in the administration of all vaccines. For the most part such danger consists of unusual reaction on the part of the individual. The possible inherent dangers in the poliomyelitis vaccine have been reduced by concerted efforts on the part of the United States Public Health Service, private manufacturers, and many other scientists working in this field, though the actual degree of safety has not been determined by field experience. *(Again the vaccine has been changing so fast and so continuously that there has not been adequate time for statistically indisputable comparison.)* Moreover, what effect such recent improvements toward the safety of the vaccine has on the efficacy of the material as a preventive of the disease is yet to be determined. *(One of the unsettled questions about the original Salk vaccine is whether the effectiveness reported in the 1954 field-trials may have been due to the presence of live virus not then suspected. Vaccine for all other diseases except flu are made of live virus and owe their potency to that fact. Now that most of the live virus in the Salk vaccine is actually being killed the vaccine is no longer what it was in 1954 and may not be as potent as before.)* Indeed, the vaccine is very definitely in the developmental stage and needs much more scientific study. *(One suggested line of inquiry is choice of a milder substitute for the virulent Mahoney strain of virus. Such a substitution might make possible a frankly live vaccine that would be both safe and effective. Another proposed area of study is examination of feces of vaccinated children to determine whether they excrete live virus.)* One cannot expect perfection at this early date. For this reason the Committee has been confronted with great difficulties. Vaccines for the prevention of other diseases have undergone radical improvements over a period of years, and the same is to be expected in the field of poliomyelitis.

(Publicly, members of the Committee will not elaborate on the text of this report. When questioned privately they emphasize that the report is presented as being only their own best informed thought. They point out that forty-six states [the forty-seventh is Idaho] have accepted less stringent safeguards on polio vaccine than those laid down here. They note further that their conservatism has not been shared by many private physicians in Massachusetts itself. But they insist that the cautions incorporated into this report are the least they would accept for their own children.

(The new research section of The Saturday Review *publishes what they have to say in the spirit of free scientific inquiry. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis already has widely publicized its belief that "it certainly seems overcautious and ultraconservative, to say the least, for a physician to withhold or postpone immediate vaccination against paralytic poliomyelitis." In a pamphlet addressed to physicians in January 1956 the Foundation denies that there is live virus in properly prepared vaccine, or that there is any danger of children becoming polio carriers as a result of vaccination, or that the 1954 field-trials could have been effective because of live virus, or that there is any reason to doubt the effectiveness of the present vaccine because of the changes that have been introduced since 1954. The pamphlet does advise the doctors, however, that the newest vaccine standards were formally adopted on November 11, 1955; that the testing period lasts 120 days; and that the legal period of effectiveness is six months long.)*

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1148

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

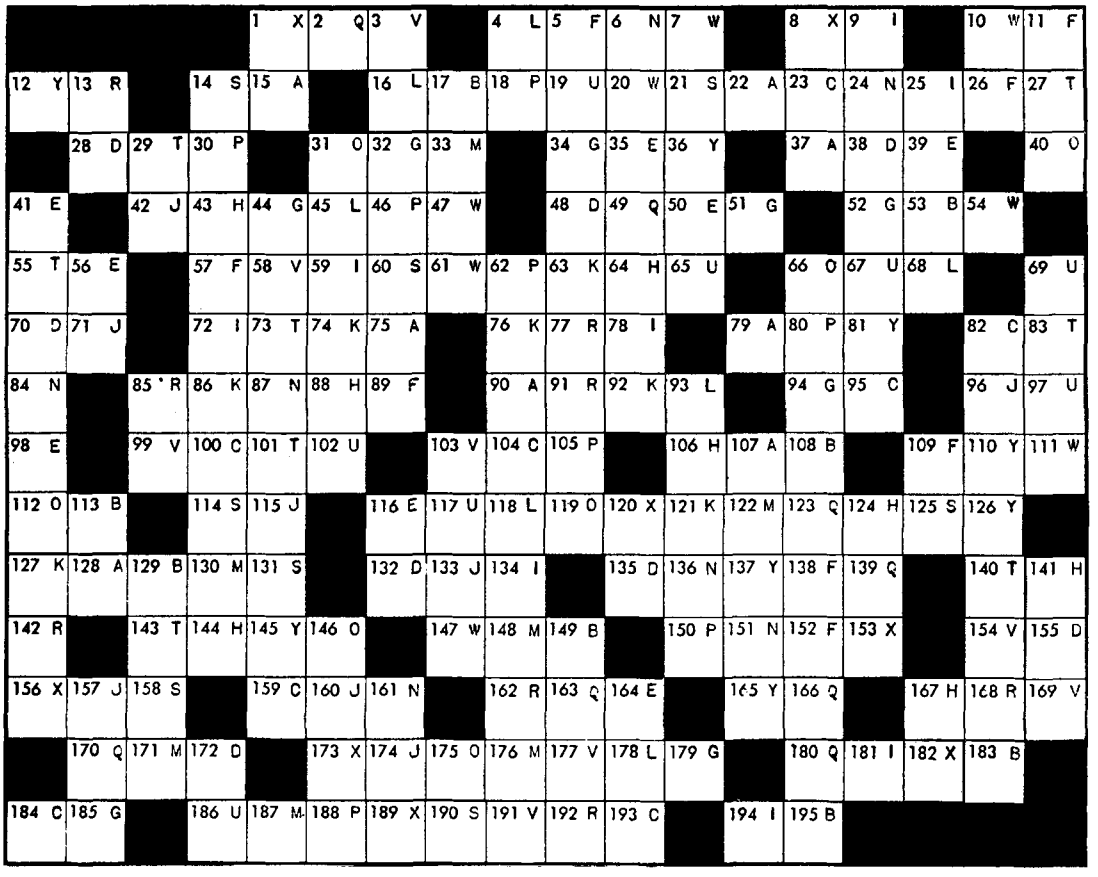
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Understands techniques (2 wds.).	75 22 15 90 128 107 79 37
B. English painter who, prisoner on a ship, made sketches of Napoleon, later developed into full-length portraits (1793-1865).	183 53 113 195 149 17 129 108
C. Popular term for photographic film.	104 193 159 100 82 184 23 95
D. The aggregate of instinctual aggressive, destructive, and revengeful attributes (contrasted with "Eros").	48 132 135 70 38 28 155 172
E. Lethargic.	116 56 164 35 98 41 39 50
F. Incredulity, esp. in religion.	138 89 57 11 26 5 152 109
G. Cadenced.	179 94 51 185 52 34 44 32
H. Unstable; sensitive to certain physical exacerbations.	106 144 43 124 64 88 167 141
I. Incapable of being moved.	59 78 134 181 72 194 25 9
J. Passed over in favor of something else.	42 157 133 96 174 115 160 71
K. Simple sacred tune, sung in unison.	74 76 63 86 127 121 92
L. Polish novelist, Nobel Prize 1924 (orig. sp.).	45 178 16 68 118 93 4
M. Playwriter to Queen Mary, 1554 (alt. sp.; "Ralph Roister Doister"; earliest extant Eng. comedy).	122 187 176 33 171 148 130

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Drench.	24 6 136 87 161 151 84
O. Tool which might be in the same kit with a left-handed monkey wrench (2 wds.).	40 112 146 66 31 175 119
P. Got (something) done.	188 80 62 30 18 150 46 105
Q. Wearing footgear (of specific or figurative sort; 2 wds.).	123 2 166 180 170 163 139 49
R. Figurative expression for place where voluntary contributions may be placed (3 wds.).	77 192 85 91 142 162 168 13
S. Signaled with the head (2 wds.).	60 21 158 131 125 190 114 14
T. A difficulty not immediately tributions may be placed (3 a question (2 wds.).	55 29 27 101 73 140 143 83
U. Northernmost of the four main islands of Japan.	117 97 102 19 69 67 65 186
V. In the manner of calling forth.	3 177 191 154 103 99 58 169
W. Wrapped up.	20 10 147 47 54 111 7 61
X. Wanting merit; dishonorable.	156 182 173 120 189 1 8 153
Y. Seldom (2 wds.).	12 137 165 110 81 145 126 36

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.

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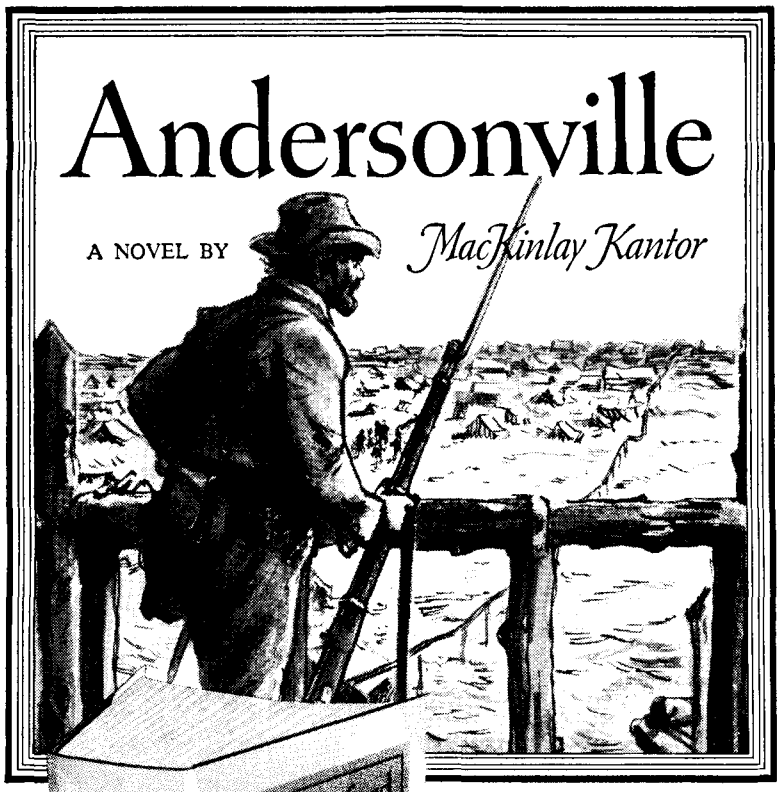

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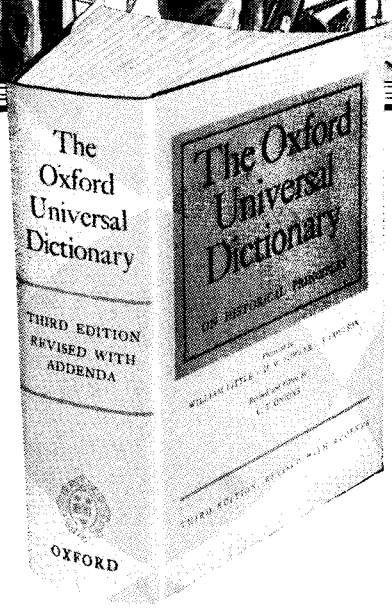

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